

THE Tragedie of King Richard the second.

As it hath been publikely acted by the Right
Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine
his seruantes.

By *William Shake-speare.*



LONDON,
Printed by W.W. for *Mathew Law*, and are to be
sold at his shop in *Paules Church-yard*, at
the signe of the *Foxe*,
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Enter King Richard, Iohn
of Gaunt, with other Nobles
and Attendants.

King Richard.

O Lde Iohn of Gaunt, time honoured Lancaster,
Hast thou according to thy oth and band,
Brought hither *Henry Hereford* thy bold sonne,
Here to make good the boystrous late appeale
Which then our leifure would not let vs heare
Against the Duke of Norfolke, *Thomas Mowbray*?

Gaunt. I haue my Leige.

King. Tell me moreouer; hast thou sounded him
If he appeale the Duke on auncient malice,
Or worthily, as a good subiect should,
On some knowne ground of treacherie in him?

Gaunt. As neare as I could sift him on that argument,
On some apparant danger seene in him,
Aimde at your Highnesse; no inueterate malice.

King. Then call them to our presence face to face,
And frowning brow to brow our selues will heare
The accuser, and the accused, freely speake:
Hie stomackt are they both, and full of ire,
In rage, deafe as the sea, hasty as fire.

Enter Bullingbrooke, and Mowbray.

Bulling. Many yeares of happy dayes befall
My gracious Soueraigne, my most louing Liege.

A 2.

Mow.

The Tragedie of

Mowb. Each day still better others happinesse,
Vntill the Heauens enuying Earths good happe,
Adde in immortall title to your Crowne.

King. Wee thanke you both: yet one but flatters vs,
As well appeareth by the cause you come;
Namely, to appeale each other of high treason.
Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object
Against the Duke of Norfolke Thomas Mowbray?

Bul. First (heauen be the record to my speech)
In the deuotion of a subiectes loue,
Tending the precious safetie of my Prince,
And free from other misbegotten hate,
Come I appeallant to this princely presence.
Now Thomas Mowbray, do I turne to thee;
And marke my greeting well: for what I speake,
My body shall make good vpon this earth,
Or my diuine soule answere it in heauen.
Thou art a Traytor, and a miscreant;
Too good to be so, and too bad to liue:
Since the more faire and cristall is the skie,
The uglier seeme the cloudes that in it flie.
Once more, the more to agrauate the note,
With a foule traytors name stuffe I thy throat,
And wish (so please my Soueraigne) ere I moue,
What my tong speaks, my right drawne sword may proue.

Mowb. Let not my cold wordes here accuse my zeale.
Tis not the tryall of a Womans warre,
The bitter clamor of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt vs twaine:
The blood is hotte that must be coold for this,
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast,
As to be husht and naught at all to say.
First the faire reuerence of your highnesse curbes me,
From giuing reynes and spurres to my free speech,
Which else would post vntill it had returnd.
These tearmes of treason doubled downe his throat;
Setting aside his high bloods royalties
And let him be no kinsman to my Leige,

King Richard the Second.

I doe defie him, and spit at him;
 Call him a slaunderous Coward and a Villaine:
 Which to maintaine, I would allow him ods,
 And meete him, were I tide to runne a foote,
 Euen to the frozen ridges of the Alpes,
 Or any other ground inhabitable,
 Where euer English man durst set his foote.
 Meane time, let this defend my loyaltie,
 By all my hopes, most falsly doth he lie.

Bul. Pale trembling Coward, there I throw my gage,
 Disclayming here the kinred of a King,
 And lay aside my high bloods royaltie;
 Which feare, not reuerence makes thee to except.
 If guiltie dread haue left thee so much strength,
 As to take vp mine honours pawne, then stoope:
 By that, and all the rites of Knighthood else,
 Will I make good against thee arme to arme,
 What I haue spoke, or what thou canst deuise.

Mow. I take it vp, and by that Sword I sweare,
 Which gently layde my Knighthood on my shoulder,
 He answere thee in any faire degree:
 Or chiuallrous designe of Knightly tryall.
 And when I mount aliue, aliue may I not light,
 If I be Traitor, or vniustly fight.

King. What doth our Cousin lay to Mowbraies charge?
 It must be great that can inherite vs,
 So much as of a thought of ill in him.

Bul. Looké what I sayd, my life shall prooue it true,
 That Mowbray hath receiude eight thousand Nobles,
 In name of lendings, for your Highnesse Souldiours:
 The which he hath detainde for leawd imployments,
 Like a false Traytour, and iniurious Villaine.
 Besides I say, and will in battaile prooue,
 Or here, or else where, to the furthest Verge
 That euer was surueyed by English eye,
 That all the treasons for these eightene years,
 Complotted and contriued in this Land,
 Fetcht from false Mowbray, their first head and spring:

The Tragedie of

Further I say, and further will maintaine
Vpon his bad life to make all this good,
That he did plotte the Duke of Glosters death,
Suggest his soone beleeuing aduersaries,
And consequently like a Traitor Coward,
Slurte out his innocent soule through streames of blood:
Which blood, like sacrificing *Abels*, cries,
Euen from the tonguelesse Canerns of the earth,
To me for iustice, and rough chastisement:
And by the glorious worth of my discent,
This Arme shall do it, or this Life be spent.

King. How high a pitch his resolution soares:
Thomas of Norfolke, what sayst thou to this?

Mowb. Oh let my Soueraigne turne away his face,
And bid his eares a little while be deafe,
Till I haue told this slander of his blood,
How God, and good men, hate so foule a yer.

King. Mowbray, inpartiall are our eyes and eares;
Were he my Brother; nay, my kingdomes Heire,
As he is but my fathers brothers Sonne,
Now by Scepters awe I make a vow,
Such neighbour neerenes to our sacred blood,
Should nothing priuiledge him, nor partialize
The vnstooping firmenesse of my vpright soule:
He is our subiect Mowbray, so art thou,
Free speech and fearelesse I to thee allow.

Mowb. Then Bullingbrooke, as low as to thy heart,
Through the false passage of thy throat thou lyest:
Three partes of that receipt I had for Callice,
Disburst I to his highnesse Souldiours;
The other part reseru'de I, by consent,
For that my Soueraigne liege was in my debt,
Vpon remainder of a deare account,
Since last I went to France to fetch his Queene:
Now swallow downe that lie. For Glocesters death:
I flew him not, but to mine owne disgrace
Neglected my sworne duetie in that case:
For you my noble Lord of Lancaster,

The

Richard the Second.

The honourable Father to my foe,
 Once did I lay an ambush for your life;
 A trespasse that doth vex my greued soule;
 Ah, but ere I last receiu'de the Sacrament,
 I did confesse it, and exactly begd
 Your Graces pardon, and I hope I had it.
 This is my fault; as for the rest appeald,
 It issues from the rancour of a Villaine,
 A recreant, and most degenerate Traitour;
 Which in my selfe I boldly will defend,
 And enterchangeably hurle downe the gage,
 Tpon this ouerweening traitours foote,
 To prooue my selfe a loyall Gentleman,
 Euen in the best blood chamberd in his bosome:
 In haste whereof, most hartily I pray
 Your highnesse to assigne our triall day.

King. Wrath kindled Gentleman, be rul'd by me,
 Lets purge this choler without letting blood,
 This we prescribe, though no Phisition:
 Deepe Malice makes too deepe incision:
 Forget, forgiue; conclude, and be agreed,
 Our Doctors say, this is no month to bleed:
 Good Vnckle, let this end, where it begunne;
 Weele calme the Duke of Norfolke, you your sonne.

Gaunt. To be a make-peace, shall become my age:
 Throw downe (my sonne) the Duke of Norfolkes gage.

King. And Norfolke, throw downe his.

Gaunt. When Harrie, when? obedience bids,
 Obedience bids I should not bid againe.

King. Norfolke, throw downe we bid, there is no boote.

Mowb. My selfe I throw (dread soueraigne) at thy foote;
 My life thou shalt commaund, but not my shame;
 The enemy duetie owes; but my faire name,
 Despight of Death that liues vpon my Graue,
 To darke Dishonours vse, thou shalt not haue:
 I am disgraste, impeacht, and baffuld heere;
 Pierst to the soule with Slaunders yenomd speare;
 The which no Balme can cure, but his heart blood

Which

The Tragedie of

Which breathde this poyson.

King. Rage must be withstood :

Giue me his gage ; Lions make Leopards tame.

Mowb. Yea, but not change his spots ; take but my shame,
And I resigne my gage, my deare deare Lord.

The purest treasure mortall times affoord,
Is spotlesse reputation, that away ;

Men are but gilded Loame, or painted Clay :

A Jewell in a tennet times bard vp Chest,

Is a bold Spirit in a loyall Breast.

Mine Honour is my life, both grow in one ;

Take Honour from me, and my life is done.

Then (deare my Leige) mine Honour let me try,

In that I liue, and for that will I die.

King. Coosin, throw vp your gage ; do you begin.

Bul. O God, defend my soule from such deepe sinne,
Shall I seeme Crést-fallen in my fathers sight ?

Or with pale begger-face impeach my highr,

Before this out-darde dastard ? Ere my tongue

Shall wound my Honour with such feeble vwrong,

Or sound so base a parlee, my teeth shall teare

The slavish motiue of recanting feare,

And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,

Where shame doth harbour, even in Mowbraies face.

King. We were not borne to sue, but to commaund ;

Which since we can not do, to make you friendes,

Be ready (as your life shall answere it)

At Couentrie vpon Saint Lambards day :

There shall your Swords and Launces arbitrate

The swelling difference of your setled hate :

Since we cannot atone you, you shall see

Iustice designe the Victors chiuallrie.

Lord Marshall, commaund our Officers at Armes,

Be readie to direct these home allarmies. *Exit.*

Enter Iohn of Gaunt, with the Dutchesse of Gloucester.

Gaunt. Alas, the part I had in Woodstocks blood,

Doth more sollicite me, then your exclames,

To

Richard the Second.

To stirre against the butchers of his life:
 But since correction lyeth in those handes,
 Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
 Put we our quarrell to the will of heauen;
 Who when they see the hower's ripe on earth,
 Will raine hot vengeance on offenders heades.

Durcheße. Findes brotherhood in thee no sharper spurre
 Hath loue in thy old blood no liuing fire?
Edwards seauen sonnes, whereof thy selfe art one,
 Were seauen Viols of his sacred blood,
 Or seauen faire Branches springing from one roote:
 Some of those seauen are dried by Natures course;
 Some of those Branches by the Destinies cut:
 But *Thomas* my deare Lord, my life, my *Glocester*,
 One Violl full of *Edwards* sacred blood,
 One flourishing Branch of his most royall roote
 Is craekt, and all the precious liquor spilt,
 Is hackt downe, and his summer leaues all faded
 By Enuies hand, and Murders bloodie axe.
 Ah *Gaunt*, his blood was thine, that bed, that wombe,
 That mettall, that selfe mould, that fashioned thee,
 Made him a man: and though thou liuest and breathest,
 Yet art thou slaine in him; thou dost consent
 In some large measure to thy fathers death,
 In that thou seest thy wretched Brother die,
 Who was the modell of thy fathers life:
 Call it not Patience, *Gaunt*, it is Dispaire,
 In suffering thus thy Brother to be slaughtred;
 Thou shewest the naked pathway to thy life,
 Teaching sterne Murder how to butcher thee:
 That which in meane men we intitle Patience,
 Is pale cold Cowardice in Noble breastes.
 What shall I say? to safegard thy owne life,
 The best way is, to venge my *Glocesters* death.

Gaunt. Gods is the quarrell, for Gods substitute,
 His deputie annoynted in his sight,
 Hath causd his death; the which if wrongfully,
 Let Heauen reuenge, for I may neuer lift

B.

An

The Tragedie of

An angrie arme against his minister.

Duch. Where then alas may I complaine my selfe?

Gaunt. To God, the Widowes Champion and defence.

Duch. Why then I will : farewell old Gaunt,
Thou goest to Couentry, there to behold
Our Coosin Herford and fell Mowbray fight.
O set my husbands wronges on Herfords Speare,
That it may enter butcher Mowbraies breast.
Or if misfortune misse the first carrier,
Be Mowbraies sinnes so heauie in his bosome,
That they may breake his foming Coursers backe,
And throw the rider headlong in the listes,
A catiue recreant to my Coosin Herford.

Farewell old Gaunt, thy sometimes brothers wife,
With her companion, grieve must end her life,

Gaunt. Sister farewell, I must to Couentrie:
As much good stay with thee, as goe with me.

Duch. Yet one word more; grieve boundeth where it falles
Not with the emptie hollownesse, but weight:
I take my leaue before I haue begunne,
For sorrow endes not when it seemeth done:
Commende me to my brother Edmund Yorke;
Loe this is all : nay yet depart not so,
Though this be all, do not so quickly goe,
I shall remember more : Bidd him; ah what?
With all good speed at Plashie visit me.
Alacke and what shall good old Yorke there see,
But emptie Lodgings and vnfurnisht Walles,
Vnpeopled Offices, yntrodden Stones,
And what heare there for welcome, but my grones?
Therefore commend me, let him not come there,
To seeke out sorrow; that dwels euery where;
Desolate, desolate will I hence and die:
The last leaue of thee takes my weeping eye.

Exeunt.

Enter the Lord Marshall and the Duke Aumerle.

Mar. My Lord Aumerle, is Harry Kerford armed?

Aum. Yea at all poyntes, and longs to enter in.

Mar.

Richard the Second.

Mar. The Duke of Norfolke sprightly and bold,
Staies but the summons of the appellants trumpet.

Aum. Why then the Champions are prepar'd, and stay
For no thing but his Maiesties approach.

*The trumpets sound, and the King enters with his Nobles: when they
are set, enter the Duke of Norfolke in armes defendant.*

King. Marshall demaund of yonder Champion,
The cause of his ariuall here in armes,
Aske him his name, and orderly proceede
To sweare him in the iustice of his cause.

Mar. In Gods name and the Kinges, say who thou art,
And why thou comdest thus Knightly clad in armes?
Against what man thou comst, and what's thy quarrell,
Speake truely on thy Knighthood, and thy oth,
As so defend thee heauen and thy valour.

Mow. My name is Thomas Mowbray, D. of Norfolke,
Who hither come ingaged by my oath,
(Which God defend a Knight should violate)
Both to defend my loyaltie and truth,
To God, my King, and my succeeding issue,
Against the Duke of Herford that appeales mee,
And by the grace of God, and this mine arme,
To prooue him in defending of my selfe,
A Traitour to my God, my King, and me:
And as I truly fight, defend me heauen.

*The Trumpets sound, enter Duke of Herford
appellant in armour*

King. Marshall aske yonder Knight in armes,
Both who he is, and why he commeth hither
Thus plated in habillements of Warre,
And formally, according to our law,
Depose him in the iustice of his cause.

Mar. What is thy name, & wherefore comst thou hither,
Before King Richard in his royall lists?
Against whom comes thou? and what's thy quarrell?
Speake like a true Knight, so defend thee Heauen.

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Bul. Harry of Herford, Lancaster, and Darbie
Am I, who readie heere do stand in Armes,
To prooue by Gods grace, and my bodie valour
In lists, on *Thomas Mowbray* Duke of Morfolke,
That he is a Traitour foule and dangerous,
To God of heauen, King Richard, and to me:
And as I truly fight, defend me heauen.

Mar. On paine of death no person be so bolde
Or daring, hardie, as to touch the lists,
Except the Martiall and such officers
Appointed to direct these faire designs.

Bul. Lord Martiall, let me kisse my Soueraignes hand.
And bow my knee before his Maiestie,
For Mowbray and my selfe are like two men,
That vow a long and wearie pilgrimage.
Then let vs take a ceremonious leaue,
And louing farewell of our seuerall friends.

Mar. The appellant in all dutie greetes your highnesse,
And craues to kisse your hand and take his leaue.

King. We will descend and folde him in our armes.
Coosin of Herford, as thy cause is right,
So be thy fortune in this royall fight:
Farewell my bloud, which if to day thou sheat,
Lament we may, but not reuenge thee dead.

Bul. O let no noble eie prophane a teare
For me, if I be gorde with Mowbrayes speare:
As confident as is the Falcons flight
Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.
My louing Lord I take my leaue of you;
Of you (my noble Coosin) Lord Aumarle,
Not sicke, although I haue to do with death,
But lustie, yong, and cheerely drawing breath.
Loe, as at English feasts so I regret
The daintiest last, to make the end most sweete.
Oh thou the earthly Author of my bloud,
Whose youthfull spirit in me regenerate,
Doth with a two-folde vigour lift me vp,
To reach a victorie about my head,

Adde

King Richard the Second.

Adde prooffe vnto mine armour with thy prayers,
And with thy blessings steele my launces point,
That it may enter Mowbrayes waxen coate,
And furbish new the name of Iohn a Gaunt,
Euen in the lustie hauiour of his Sonne.

Gaunt. God in thy good cause make thee prosperous.
Be swift like lightning in the execution,
And let thy blowes doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the caske
Of thy aduerse pernicious enemy,
Rowse vp thy youthfull bloud, be valiant and liue.

Bul. Mine innocence and Saint George to thriue.

Mow. How euer God or fortune cast my lotte,
There lies or dies true to King Richards throne,
A loyall, iust, and vpright Gentleman :
Neuer did captiue with a freer heart
Cast off his Chaines of Bondage, and embrace,
His Golden vnecontroled Enfranchisement,
More then my dauncing soule doth celebrate
This feast of battle with mine aduersarie.
Most mightie Lyege, and my companion Peeres,
Take from my mouth the wish of happie yeares,
As gentle and as iocund as to iest,
Goe I to fight, truth hath a quiet brest.

King. Farewell (my Lord) securely I espie,
Vertue with valour couched in thine eie,
Order the triall Martiall, and beginne.

Mart. Harrie of Herforde, Lancaster, and Darby,
Receiue thy launce, and God defend thy right.

Bul. Strong as a tower in hope I cry, Amen.

Mart. Go beare this launce to Thomas D. of Norfolke.

Herald. Harry of Herford, Lancaster, and Darby
Stands heere, for God, his Soueraigne, and himselfe,
On paine to be found false and recreant,
To proue the Duke of Norfolke Thomas Mowbray.
A Traitor to his God, his King, and him.
And dares him to set forwards to the fight.

Her. Here standeth Thomas Mowbray D. of Norfolke,

The Tragedie of

On paine to be found false and recreant,
Both to befend himselfe, and to approue
Henry of Herford, Lancaster, and Darby,
To God, his Soueraigne, and to him disloyall,
Couragiously, and with a free desire,
Attending but the signall, to begin.

Mart. Sound Trumpets, and set forth Combatants:
Stay, the King hath throwne his warder downe.

King. Let them lay by their Helmets, and their Spears,
And both returne backe to their Chaires againe:
Withdraw with vs, and let the Trumpets sound,
While we returne these Dukes what we decree.
Draw neere and list

What with our Counsell we haue done.
For that our kingdomes earth should not be soyled
With that deare blood which it hath fostered:
And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect
Of ciuill wounds ploughd vp with neighbours sword:
And for we thinke the Eagle-winged pride
Of skie-aspiring and ambitious thoughts
With riual-hating Enuie set on you,
To wake our peace, which in our Countries cradle
Drawes the sweete infant breath of gentle sleepe,
Which so rouzd vp vvith boysterous vtunde drummes,
With harsh resounding trumpets dreadfull bray,
And grating shock of vvrathefull yron armes,
Might from our quiet confines fright faire Peace,
And make vs vvade euen in our kinreds blood:
Therefore vve banish you our territories.
You Cousin Herford, vpon paine of life,
Till twiue fiue Summers haue enricht our field,
Shall not regreete our faire dominions,
But tread the stranger pathes of banishment.

Bnl. Your vvill be done; this must my comfort be,
That Sunne that vvarmes you heere, shall shine on me;
And those his golden beames vnto you heere lent,
Shall poynt on me, and guild my banishment.

King. Norfolke, for thee remains a heavier doome,

Which

King Richard the Second.

Which I with some vnwillingnes pronounce,
 The flie flow houres shall not determinate
 The datelesse limit of thy deare exile:
 The hopelesse word of neuer to returne,
 Breath I against thee, vpon paine of life.

Mow. A heauie sentence, my most foueraine Liege,
 And all vnlookt for from your Highnes mouth.
 A dearer merit, not so deepe a mayme,
 As to be cast foorth in the common ayre,
 Haue I deserued at your Highnesse hands:
 The language I haue learnd these fourty yeares,
 My natie English now I must forgoe,
 And now my tongues vse is to me no more
 Than an vnstringed violl or a harpe,
 Or like a cunning instaument casde vp,
 Or being open, put into his hands
 That knowes no touch to tune the harmony.
 Within my mouth you haue ingaylde my tongue,
 Doubly percullist with my teeth and lippes,
 And dull vnfeeling barren ignorance
 Is made my Tayler to attende on me:
 I am too old to fawne vpon an Nurse,
 Too farre in yeares to be a Pupill now.
 What is thy sentence but speechlesse death;
 Which robbes my tongue from breathing natie breath?

King. It bootes thee not to be compassionate,
 After our sentence, playning comes too late.

Mowb. Then thus I turne me from my Countries light,
 To dwell in solemne shades of endlesse night.

King. Returne againe, and take an oth with thee,
 Lay on our royall Svord your banisht hands.
 Svveare by the dutie that y'ovve to God,
 (Our part therein vve banish vwith your selues)
 To keepe the oath that vve administer:
 You neuer shall, so helpe you truth and God,
 Embrace each others loue in banishment,
 Nor neuer looke vpon each others face,
 Nor neuer vwrite, regreete, nor reconcile

This

The Tragedie of

This louing tempest of your home-bred hate,
Nor neuer by aduised purpose meete,
To plotte, contriue, or complot any ill,
Gainst vs, our state, our subiects, or our land.

Bul. I sweare.

Mow. And I, to keepe all this.

Bul. Norfolke, so fare as to mineemie:
By this time, had the King permitted vs,
One of our soules had wandred in the ayre,
Banisht this frayle Sepulchre of our flesh,
As now our flesh is banisht from this land.
Confesse thy treasons ere thou fly the Realme,
Since thou hast farre to go, beare not along
The cloging burthen of a guiltie soule.

Mow. No Bullingbrooke, if euer I were traytour,
My name be blotted from the Booke of life,
And I from Heauen banisht, as from hence:
But what thou art, God, thou, and I, do know,
And all too soone (I feare) the King shall rew:
Farewell (my Leige) now no way can I stray,
Saue backe to England, all the world's my way.

King. Vncle, euen in the glasses of thine eyes,
I see thy griued heart: thy sad aspect
Hath from the number of his banisht yeares
Pluckt foure away, fixe frozen Winters spent,
Returne with welcome home from banishment.

Bul. How long a time lies in one little word?
Foure lagging Winters, and foure wanton Springs,
End in a word; such is the breach of Kings.

Gaunt. I thank my Liege, that in regard of mee,
He shortens foure yeares of my Sonnes exile,
But little vantage shall I reape thereby:
For ere the fixe yeares that he hath to spend
Can change their moones, and bring their times about,
My oyle-dried lampe, and time bewasted light
Shall be extinct with age and endlesse night:
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
And blindfold Death not let me see my Sonne.

King.

Richard the Second.

King. Why Vnckle, thou hast many yeares to liue.

Gaunt. But not a minute (*King*) that thou canst giue:
Shorten my dayes thou canst with fullen sorrow,
And plucke nights from me, but not lend a morrow.
Thou canst helpe Time to furrow me with age,
But stoppe no wrinkle in his pilgrimage:
Thy word is currant with him, for my death,
But dead, thy kingdome cannot buy my breath.

King. Thy Sonne is banisht with good aduise,
Whereto thy tongue, a party, verdict gaue,
Why at our iustice seemst thou then to lowre?

Gaunt. Things sweete to taste, proue in digestion sowre.
You vrge me as a Iudge, but I had rather
You would haue bid me argue like a Father.
Oh had't been a stranger, not my child,
To smoothe his fault I would haue been more milde:
A partiall slaunder sought I to auoyde,
And in the sentence, my owne life destroyde.
Alas, I lookt when some of you should say,
I was too strict to make mine owne away:
But you gaue leaue to my vnwilling tongue,
Against my will, to do my selfe this wrong.

King. Coosin farewell, and Vnckle bid him so;
Sixe yeares we banish him, and he shall go.

An. Coosin farewell; what presence must not know
From where you do remaine, let Paper show,

Mar. My Lord, no leaue take I, for I will ride
As farre as land will let me, by your side.

Gaunt. Oh to what purpose doest thou hoard thy words,
That thou returnest no greeting to thy friends?

Bul. I haue too few to take my leaue of you,
When the tongues office should be prodigall,
To breath the abundant dolour of the heart.

Gaunt. Thy griefe is but thy absence for a time.

Bul. Ioy absent, griefe is present for that time.

Gaunt. What is sixe Winters? they are quickly gone.

Bul. To men in ioy, but griefe makes one houre ten.

Gaunt. Call it a trauaile that thou takst for pleasure.

C.

Bul.

The Tragedie of

Bul. My heart willl sigh when I miscall it so,
Which findes it an inforced pilgrimage.

Gaunt. The sullen passage of thy wearie steps,
Esteeme a soyle wherein thou art to set,
The precious Iewell of thy home returne.

Bul. Nay rather euerie tedious stride I make,
Will but remember me what deale of world
I wander from the Iewels that I loue.
Must I not serue a long apprenticeshood
To forren passages, and in the end,
Hauing my freedome, boast of nothing else,
But that I was a iourneyman to griefe?

Gaunt. All places that the eie of heauen visits,
Are to a wiseman ports and happy hauens.
Teach thy necesitie to reason thus.
There is no vertue like necesitie:
Thinke not the King did banish thee
But thou the King, who doth the heauier sit,
Where it perceiues it is but faintly borne:
Go, say I sent thee forth to purchase honour,
And not the King exile thee; or suppose
Deuouring pestilence hangs in our aire,
And thou art flying to a fresher clime:
Looke what thy soule holds deere, imagine it
To ly that way thou goest, not whence thou comst:
Suppose the singing birds musitions,
The grasse whereon thou treadst, the presence strowde,
The flowers, faire Ladies, and thy steps, no more
Then a delightfull measure ora daunce,
For gnarling sorrow hath lesse power to bite
The man that mocks at it and sets it light.

Bul. Oh who can hold a fier in his hand,
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feast?
Or wallow naked in December snow,
By thinking on fantastick summers heat?
Oh no, the apprehension of the good

Glouce.

Richard the Second.

Giues but the greater feeling to the worse :
 Fell sorrowes tooth doth neuer rancle more
 Then when it bites, but lancheth not the soare.

Gauw. Come come my sonne, Ile bring thee on thy way,
 Had I thy youth and cause, I would not stay.

Bul. Then Englands ground farewell, sweete soile adiew,
 My Mother and my nurse that beares me yet.
 Where ere I wander, boast of this I can,
 Though banisht, yet a true borne Englishman. *Exeunt.*

*Enter the King with Bushie, &c. at one doore, and the
 Lord Aumarle at the other.*

King. We did obserue. Coosin Aumarle,
 How farre brought you high Herford on his way?

Aum. I brought high Herford, if you call him so,
 But to the next high way, and there I left him.

King. And say, what store of parting teares were shed?

Aum. Faith none for me, except the Northeast winde,
 Which then blew bitterly against our face,
 Awakt the sleepe rewme, and so by chance
 Did grace our hollow parting with a teare.

King. What said your coosin when you parted with him?

Au. Farewell, and for my heart disdained that my tongue
 Should so prophane the word that taught me craft,
 To counterfaite oppression of such grieffe,
 That words seemd buried in my sorrowes graue :
 Marry would the word Farewell haue lengthned houres,
 And added yeeres to his short banishment,
 He should haue had a volume of farewels :
 But since it would not, he had none of me.

King. He is our Coosins Coosin, but tis doubt,
 When time shall call him home from banishment,
 Whether our kinsman comes to see his friends.

Our selfe and Bushie,
 Obserued his courtship to the common people,
 How he did seeme to diue into their hearts,
 With humble and familiar curtesie,
 With reuerence he did throw away on slaues,

The Tragedie of

Wooing poore Craftsmen with the craft of smiles,
And patient vnderbearing of his fortune,
As twere to banish their affects with him,
Off goes his Bonnet to an Oyster-wench,
A brace of Draymen bid God speed him well,
And had the tribute of his supple knee,
With thanks my Countrey-men, my louing friends,
As were our England in reuerfion his,
And he our subiectes next degree in hope.

Greene. Well, he is gone, and with him go these thoughts,
Now for the Rebels which stand out in *Ireland*,
Expedient mannage must be made (my Liege)
Ere further leysure yeeld them further meanes
For their aduantage, and your highnesse losse.

King. We will our selfe in person to this Warre,
And for our Coffers, with too great a Court
And liberall larges, are growne somewhat light;
We are inforst to farme our royall Realme,
The reuenue whereof shall furnish vs:
For our affaires in hand if that come short,
Our substitutes at home shall haue blancke Charters,
Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich,
They shall subscribe them for large summes of Gold,
And send them after to supply our wants,
For we will make for *Ireland* presently.

Enter Bushie with newes.

Bush. Old Iohn of Gaunt is grievous sicke, my Lord,
Sodainely taken, and hath sent post hast
To intreate your Maiestie to visit him.

King. Where lies he?

Bush. At Ely house.

King. Now put it (God) into the Phisitions minde,
To helpe him to his Graue immediatly:
The lynesing of his Coffers shall make coates,
To decke our Souldiours for these *Irish* Warres.
Come Gentlemen, lets all goe visit him,
Pray God we may make haste, and come too late:

Amen.

Exeunt.

Enter.

*King Richard the Second.**Enter Iohn of Gaunt sicke, with the Duke of Yorke, &c.*

Gaunt. Will the King come, that I may breath my last,
In holsome counsell to his vnstayed youth?

Yorke. Vex not your selfe, nor strue not with your breath
For all in vaine comes counsell to his eare.

Gaunt. Oh, but they say, the tongues of dying men,
Inforce attention like deepe harmonie:
Where wordes are scarce, they are seldome spent in vaine,
For they breath trueth that breath their words in paine.
He that no more must say, is listened more
Then they whom youth and ease hath taught to glose.
More are mens ends markt, then their liues before:
The setting Sunne, and Musicke at the glose,
As the last taste of sweetes is sweetest last,
Writ in remembrance, more then thinges long past.
Though *Richard* my liues counsell would not heare,
My deaths sad tale may yet vndeafe his eare.

Yorke. No, it is stopt with other flattering sounds,
As prayses of his state: then there are found
Lasciuious Meeters, to whose venom sound
The open eare of youth doth alwayes listen.
Report of fashions in proud *state*,
Whose manners still our tardie apish nation
Limps after in base imitation.

Where doth the world thrust forth a vanitie,
So it be new, there's no respect how vile,
That is not quickly buzd into his eares?
Then all too late comes Counsell to be heard;
Where Will doth mutinie with Wittes regard:
Direct not him whose way himselfe will chouse,
Tis breath thou lackst, and that breath wilt thou loose.

Gaunt. Mee thinkes I am a Prophet new inspirde,
And thus expiring, do foretell of him:
His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last:
For violent fires soone burne out themselues,
Small showers last long, but sodaine stormes are short:
He tires betimes, that spurs too fast betimes.

The Tragedie of

With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder,
Light Vanitie, insatiate cormorant.
Consuming meanes soone prayes vpon it selfe:
This royall throne of Kings, this Sceptred Ile,
This earth of Maiestie, this seate of Mars,
This other Eden, demie Paradise,
This Foretresse built by Nature for her selfe,
Against infection, and the hand of Warre,
This happy breede of Men, this little World,
This precious Stone set in the siluer sea,
Which serues it in the office of a Wall,
Or as a Moate defensiu to a house,
Against the enuie of lesse happier Lands:
This blessed plotte, this Earth, this Realme, this England,
This Nurse, this teeming wombe of royall Kings,
Feard by their breed, and famous by their birth,
Renowned in their deedes as farre from home,
For christian seruice and true chiuallrie,
As is the Sepulchre in stubborn Iewrie,
Of the worldes ransome, blessed Maries sonne:
This land of such deare soules, this deare deare land,
Deare for her reputation through the world,
Is now leaced out (I die pronouncing it)
Like to a Tenement, or pelting Farme.
England bound in with the triumphant Sea,
Whose rockie shoare beates backe the enuious siege
Of watry Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
With Inkie blottes, and rotten Parchment bonds.
That England that was wont to conquere others,
Hath made a shamefull conquest of itselfe:
Ah would the scandall vanisht with my life,
How happy then were my ensuing death;
Yorke. The King is come, deale mildly with his youth,
For young hot Colts being rag'de, do rage the more.

Enter the King and Queene, &c.

Queene. How fares our noble Vncle Lancaster?

King. What comfort man? how ist with aged Gaunt?

Gaunt.

King Richard the Second.

Gaunt. O how that name befits my composition,
 Old Gaunt in deede, and gaunt in being old;
 Within me Griefe hath kept a tedious fast.
 And who abstaines from meate, that is not gaunt?
 For sleeping England, long time haue I watcht;
 Watching breeds leanenesse, leanenesse is all gaunt:
 The pleasure that some Fathers feede vpon,
 Is my strict fast, I meane my Childrens lookes,
 And therein, fasting hast thou made me gaunt.
 Gaunt am I for the graue, gaunt as a graue,
 Whose hollow wombe inherites nought but bones.

King. Can sicke men play so nicely with their names?

Gaunt. No, miserie makes sport to mocke it selfe.
 Since thou dost seeke to kill my name in me,
 O mocke my name (great King) to flatter thee.

King. Should dying men flatter those that liue?

Gaunt. No, no; men liuing, flatter those that die.

King. Thou now adying sayst, thou flatterest me.

Gaunt. Oh no, thou diest, though I the sicker be.

King. I am in health, I breath, I see thee ill.

Gaunt. Now he that made me, knowes I see thee ill,
 Ill in my selfe to see, and in thee seeing ill,
 Thy death-bed is no lesser then the land,
 Wherein thou liest in reputation sicke,
 And thou too carelesse patient as thou art,
 Commitst thy annoynted body to the cure
 Of those Phisitions that first wounded thee:
 A thousand Flatterers sit within thy Crowne,
 Whose compasse is no bigger then thy head;
 And yet iaraged in so small a verge,
 The waste is no whit lesser then thy land:
 Oh had thy Grandfire with a Prophets eye,
 Seene how his sonnes sonne should destroy his sonnes,
 From foorth thy reach he would haue laide thy shame,
 Deposing thee before thou wert posselt,
 Which art posselt now to depose thy selfe.
 Why Cousin, wert thou regent of the world,
 It were a shame to let this Land by Lease:

But

The Tragedie of

But for thy world enioying but this land,
Is it not more then shame to shame it so?
Land-lord of England art thou now not, not King,
Thy state of law is bondslaue to the law,
And thou.

King. Ah lunaticke leane-witted foole,
Presuming on an Agues priuiledge,
Darest vwith thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheek, chasing the royall blood
With furie from his native residence.
Now by my Seates right royall maiestie
Wert thou not brother to great *Edwards* sonne,
This tongue that runnes so roundly in thy head,
Should runne thy head from thy vnreuerent shoulders.

Gaunt. Oh spare me not my brother *Edwards* sonne,
For that I was his father *Edwards* sonne:
That blood already, like the Pellican,
Hast thou tapt and drunkenly carowst:
My brother *Glocester*, plaine well meaning soule,
Whom faire befall in heauen mongst happy soules,
May be a president and witnes good,
That thou respectst not spilling *Edwards* blood.
Ioyne with the present sicknes that I haue,
And thy vnkindnes be like crooked age,
To crop at once a too long withered flower.
Liue in thy shame, but die not shame vwith thee:
These Wordes hereafter, thy tormentors be:
Conuay me to my bed, then to my graue,
Loue they to liue, that loue and honour haue.

Exit.

King. And let them die, that age and fullens haue,
For both hast thou, and both become the graue.

Yorke. I do beseech your Maiestie impute his words
To wayward sicklynes and age in him:
He loues you on my life, and holdes you deere,
As *Harry* Duke of *Herford*, were he heere.

King. Right, you say true; as *Herfords* loue, so his:
As theirs, so mine, and be as it is.

North.

Richard the Second.

North. My Liege, old *Gaunt* commends him to your Ma-
King. What sayes hee? *(sistie.*

North. Nothing, all is sayd;
 His tongue is now a stringlesse instrument,
 Wordes, life, and all, old *Lancaster* hath spent.

Torke. Be *Torke* the next that must be banckrout so,
 Though Death be poore, it ends a mortall wo.

King. The ripest Fruite first falles, and so doth he;
 His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be:

So much for that. Now for our *Irish* Warres:

We must supplant those rough rug-headed kernes,

Which liue like venome, where no venome else

But onely they, haue priuiledge to liue.

And for these great affayres do aske some charge,

Towards our assistance we do seaze to vs,

The Plate, Coyne, Reueneues, and moucables

Whereof our Vnckle *Gaunt* did stand posselt.

Torke. How long shall I be patient? Ah how long

Shall tender duetie make me suffer wrong?

Not *Glocesters* death, nor *Herfords* banishment,

Nor *Gaunts* rebukes, nor *Englands* priuate wrongs,

Nor the preuention of poore *Bullingbrooke*

About his marriage, nor my owne disgrace,

Haue euer made me fower my patient cheeke,

Or bend one wrinkle on my Soueraignes face:

I am the last of the noble *Edwards* sonnes,

Of whom thy father *Prince of Wales* was first.

In Warre, was neuer *Lion* ragde more fierce:

In Peace, was neuer gentle *Lamb* more milde

Then was that young and princely Gentleman:

His face thou hast, for euen so lookt he,

Accomplisht with a number of thy houres;

But when he frowned, it was against the French,

And not against his Friendes: his noble hand

Did winne what he did spend, and spent not that

Which his triumphant Fathers hand had wonne:

His hands were guiltie of no kinred blood,

But bloody with the enemies of his kinne.

The Tragedie of

Oh Richard! Yorke is too farre gone with griefe,
Or else he neuer would compare betweene.

King. Why Vnckle, what's the matter?

Yorke. Oh my liege, pardon me if you please,
If not, I pleas'd, not to be pardoned, am content with all:
Seeke you to seize and gripe into your hands,
The roialties and rights of banisht Herford?
Is not Gaunt dead? and doth not Herford liue?
Was not Gaunt iust? and is not Harry true?
Did not the one deserue to haue an heyre?
Is not his heyre a well deseruing sonne?
Take Herfordes rights away, and take from time
His Charters and his customarie rights;
Let not to morrow then ensue to day:
Be not thy selfe; For how art thou a King,
But by faire sequence, and succession?
Now afore God, God forbid I say true,
If you doe wrongfully seize Herford's right,
Call in the Letters patents that he hath
By his attourneys generall to sue
His liuery, and deny his offered homage,
You plucke a thousand dangers on your head,
You lose a thousand well disposed hearts,
And pricke my tender patience at those thoughts,
Which honour and allegiance cannot thinke.

King. Thinke what you will, we seize into our hands,
His plate, his goods, his money and his land.

Yorke. He not be by the while, my liege farewell,
What will in sub hereof, there's none can tell:
But by bad counses may be vnderstood,
That their euent can neuer fall out good.

King. Go Bushie, to the Earle of Wiltshire straight,
Bid him repaire to vs to Ely house,
To see this businelle: to morrow next
We will for Ireland, and it is time I trow;
And we create in absence of our selfe,
Our Vnckle Yorke, Lord Gouvernour of England;
For he is iust, and alwayes loued vs well.

Come

Richard the Second.

Come on our Queene, to morrow must we part;
Be merry, for our time of stay is short.

Exeunt King and Queene. Enter North.

North. Well Lordes, the Duke of Lancaster is dead.

Rosse. And living too, for now his sonne is Duke.

Willough. Barely in title, not in reuenues.

North. Richly in both, if iustice had her right.

Rosse. My heart is great, but it must breake with silence,

Er't be disburdened with a liberall tongue.

North. Nay speake thy mind, & let him here speak more,

That speakes thy words againe, to do thee harme.

Willough. Tends that thou wouldst speake, to the D. of

If it be so, out with it boldly man, (Herford)

Quicke is mine eare to heare of good towards him.

Rosse. No good at all, that I can doe for him:

Vnlesse you call it good, to pittie him,

Bereft and gelded of his Patrimonie.

North. Now afore God tis shame, such wrongs are borne

In him a royall Prince, and many mo.

Of noble blood in this declining land.

The King is not himselfe, but bacely led

By flatterers, and what they will in folow,

Meerely in hate against any of vs all,

That will the King senerely persecute,

Against vs, our liues, our children, and our heires.

Rosse. The Commons hath he pild with grieuous taxes,

And quite lost their hearts: The Nobles hath he fined

For auncient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.

Willough. And dayly new exactions are deuise,

As Blanckes, Beneuolentes, and I wot not what.

North. But what a Gods name doth becomie of this?

Willough. Warres hath not wasted it; for warre he hath not,

But bacely yeelded vpon compromise,

That which his noble Ancestors atchiue with blowes;

More hath he spent in peace, then they in Warres.

Rosse. The Earle of Wiltshire hath the Realme in farthe.

Willough. The King's growne banckrout like a broken man.

The Tragedie of

North. Reproach and desolation hangeth ouer him.

Rosse. He hath not Money for these Irish Warres,
His burthenous taxations notwithstanding,
But by the robbing of the banisht Duke.

North. His noble kinsman most degenerate King;
But Lords, we heare this fearefull tempest sing,
Yet seeke no shelter to auoyde the storme.
We see the Winde sit sore vpon our Sayles,
And yet we strike not, but securely perish.

Rosse. We see the very Wracke that we must suffer,
And vnauoyded is the danger now,
For suffering so the causes of our wracke.

North. Not so, euen through the hollow eyes of death,
I espie life peering; but I dare not say,
How neere the tidings of our comfort is.

Wil. Nay let vs share thy thoughts, as thou dost ours.

Rosse. Be confident to speake Northumberland,
We three are but thy selfe; and speaking so,
Thy words are but as thoughts, therefore be bold.

North. Then thus: I haue from *La Port Blau*
(A Bay in *Brittanie*) receiued intelligence,
That Harry Duke of Herforde, Raynold L. Cobham,
That late broke from the Duke of Exeter
His brother Archbishop late of Canterbury,
Sir Thomas Erpingham, Sir Iohn Ramston,
Sir Iohn Norbery, sir Robert Waterton, & Francis Coines,
All these, well furnished by the Duke of Brittain,
With eight tall Ships, threethousand men of Warre,
Are making hither with all due expediente,
And shortly meane to touch our Northern shore:
Perhaps they had ere this, but that they stay
The first departing of the King for Ireland:
If then we shall shake off our Countries Spanish yoke,
Impe out our drowping Countries broken wing,
Redeeme from broken pawne the blemisht Crowne,
Wipe off the dust that hides our Scepters guilt,
And make high Maiestie looke like it selfe,
Away with me in post to Ravenspurghe:

But,

King Richard the Second.

But if you faint, as fearing to do so,
Stay, and be secret, and my selfe will go.

Rosse. To horse, to horse, vnge doubts to them that feare.

Will. Hold out my horse, and I will first be there.

Exeunt.

Enter the Queene, Bushie, and Bagot.

Bush. Madam, your Maiestie is too much sadde,
You promise when you parted with the King,
To lay aside halfe-harming heauinesse,
And entertaine a chearefull disposition.

Queene. To please the King I did, to please my selfe:
I cannot doo it; yet I know no cause
Why I should welcome such a guest as Griefe,
Saue bidding farewell to so sweete a guest,
As my sweete Richard: yet againe me thinkes
Some vnborne Sorrow ripe in Fortunes wombe,
Is comming towards me and my inward soule,
With nothing trembles, at some thing it grieues,
More then with parting from my Lord the King.

Bush. Each substance of a griefe hath twenty shadowes,
Which shewes like griefe it selfe, but is not so:
For Sorrowes eyes glazed with blinding teares,
Deuides one thing entire to many obiects.
Like perspectiues, which rightly gazde vpon,
Shew nothing but confusion, eyde awry,
Distinguish forme: so your sweete Maiestie,
Looking awry vpon your Lords departure,
Finde shapes of griefe more then himselfe to waile,
Which lookt on as it is, is naught but shadowes
Of what it is not, then thrice (gracious Queene)
More then your Lordes departure weepe not, more is not
Or if it be, tis with false Sorrowes eyes, *(seene)*
Which for things true, weepes things imaginarie.

Queene. It may be so, but yet my inward soule
Perswades me it is otherwise: how ere it be,
I cannot but be sad; so heauie sad,
As though on thinking on no thought I thinke,
Makes me with heauie nothing faint and shrinke.

The Tragedie of

Bush. Tis nothing but conceite (my gracious Lady.)

Queene. Tis nothing lesse, Conceite is still deriude
From some forefather Griefe, mine is not so,
For nothing hath begot my something griefe,
Or something hath the nothing that I grieue,
Tis in reuersion that I do possesse:
But what it is, that is not yet knowne, what
I cannot name, tis namelesse woe I wot.

Greene. God saue your Maiestie, & well met Gentlemen,
I hope the King is not yet shipt for Ireland.

Queene. Why hopest thou so? tis better hope he is,
For his designes craue haste, his haste good hope:
Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipt?

Greene. That he our hope might haue retirede his power,
And driuen into despaire an enemies hope,
Who strongly hath set footing in this land,
The banisht *Bullingbrook* repeales himselfe,
And with vplifted armes is safe ariude at *Rauenspurgh*.

Queene. Now God in heauen forbid.

Greene. Ah Madam, tis too true; and that is worse:
The Lord Northumberland, his young sonne *H. Piercie*,
The Lords of *Rosse*, *Beaumont*, and *Willoughby*,
With all their powerfull friendes, are fled to him.

Bush. Why haue you not proclaimde Northumberland
And the rest of the reuolting faction, traytours?

Greene. We haue, wherevpon the Earle of Worcester
Hath broke his Staffe, resignd his Stewardship,
And al the household seruants fled with him to *Bullingbrook*.

Queene. So *Greene*, thou art the Midwife of my woe,
And *Bullingbrook* my sorrowes dismall heire:
Now hath my soule brought forth her prodigie,
And I a gasping new deliuered mother,
Haue woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow ioyned.

Bush. Dispaire not Madam.

Queene. Who shall hinder me?
I will dispaire and be at enmitie
With couetous Hope, he is a flatterer,
A parasite, a keeper backe of death,

Who

King Richard the Second.

Who gently would dissolue the bands of life,
Which false Hope lingers in extremitie..

Greene. Heere comes the Duke of Yorke.

Queene. With signes of Warre about his aged necke:
Oh full of carefull businesse are his lookes:

Vnckle, for Gods sake speake comfortable wordes.

Yorke. Should I do so, I should bely my thoughts,
Comfort's in heaven, and we are on the earth,
Where nothing liues but crosses, care, and griefe.

Your Husband he is gone to saue farre off,

Whilst others come to make him loose at home:

Heere am I left to vnderprop his land,

Who weake with age, cannot support my selfe.

Now comes the sicke houre that his surfet made,

Now shall he trie his Friendes that flattered him.

Servant. My Lord, your sonne was gone before I came;

Yorke. He was, why so; go all which way it will:

The Nobles they are fled, the Commons they are cold,

And will (I feare) reuolt on Herfords side.

Sirra, get thee to Plashie to my sister Gloucester,

Bid her send me presently a thousand pound,

Hold take my Ring.

Servant. My Lord, I had forgot to tell your Lordship,

To day I came by and called there;

But I shall griene you to report the rest.

Yorke. What is't knaue?

Servant. An houre before I came, the Dutchesse died.

Yorke. God for his mercie! what a tyde of woes

Comes rushing on this wofull Land at once?

I know not what to doe: I would to God

(So my vnt ruth had not prouokt him to it)

The King had cut off my head with my brothers.

What, are there two Posts dispatcht for Ireland?

How shall we do for money for these Warres?

Come Sister, Cousin I would say; pray pardon me:

Goe fellow, get thee home, prouide some Carts,

And bring away the Armour that is there.

Gentlemen, will you go muster men.

The Tragedie of

If I know how or which way to order these affayres,
Thus disorderly thrust into my hands,
Neuer belecue mee: both are my kinsmen;
T'one is my Soueraigne, whom both my oath
And dutie bids defend: t'other againe,
Is my Kinsman, whom the King hath wrong'd,
Whom Conscience and my Kindred bids to right.
Well, somewhat we must doe: come Cousin,
Ile dispose of you: Gentlemen, goe muster vp your men,
And meete me presently at Barckly:
I should to Plashie too, but time will not permit:
All is vneuen, and euery thing is left at sixe and seauen.

Exeunt Duke, & Queene: manent Bushie and Greene.

Bush. The Wind sits faire for newes to go for Ireland,
But none returns. For vs to leuie power
Proportionable to the enemye, is all vnpossible.

Greene. Besides, our neerenesse to the King in loue,
Is neere the hate of those loue not the King.

Bag. And that is the wauering Commons; for their loue
Lies in their Purfes, and who so empties them,
By so much filles their hearts with deadly hate.

Bush. Wherein the King stands generally condemn'd.

Bag. If iudgement lie in them, then so do we,
Because we euer haue been neere the King.

Greene. Well, I will for refuge straight to Brist Castle,
The Earle of Wiltshire is already there.

Bush. Thither will I with you, for little office
Will the hatefull Commons performe for vs,
Except like Curres, to teare vs all in peeces:
Will you goe along with vs?

Bag. No, I will to Ireland to his Maiestie:
Farewell, if hearts presages be not vaine,
We three heere part, that nere shall meete againe.

Bush. Thats as Yorke thrives to beat backe Bullingbrook.

Greene. Alas poore Duke, the taske he vndertakes,
Is numbring Sands, and drinking Oceans dry,
Where one on his side fights, thousands will flie:
Farewell at once, for once, for all and euer.

Bush.

King Richard the Second.

Bush. Well, we may meete againe.

Bag. I feare me neuer.

Enter Hereford : Northumberland.

Bull. How farre is it my Lord to Barckly now?

North. Beleeue me noble Lord,
I am a stranger in Gloucestershire,
These high wild hils and rough vneuen wayes,
Drawes out our miles, and makes them wearisome,
And yet your faire discourse hath beene as sugar,
Making the hard way sweete and delectable:
But I bethinke me what a weary way,
From Rauenspurgh to Cotshall will be found,
In *Rosse* and *Willoughby* wanting your company,
Which I protest hath very much beguild
The tediousnesse and procelle of my trauell:
But theirs is sweetened with the hope to haue
The present benefite that I possesse,
And hope to ioy is little lesse in ioy,
Then hope inioyed: by this the weary Lords
Shall make their way seeme short, as mine hath done,
By sight of what I haue, your noble companie.

Bul. Of much lesse value is my company,
Then your good words. But who comes here?

Enter Harry Persie.

North. It is my sonne, yong Harry Persie,
Sent from my brother Worcester whence soeuer:
Harry, how fares your Vnckle? (of you.

H. Per. I had thought my Lord to haue learned his health

North. Why? is he not with the Queene?

H. Per. No my good Lord, he hath forsooke the Court,
Broken his staffe of office, and disperst
The household of the King.

North. What was his reason? he was not so resolute,
When last we spake together.

H. Per. Because your Lordship was proclaimed traytours,
But he my Lord, is gone to Rauenspurgh,
To offer seruice to the Duke of Herford,
And sent me ouer by Barckly to discouer,

E

What

The Tragedie of

What power the duke of Yorke had leuied there;
Then with directions; to repaire to Rauenspurgh.

North. Haue you forgot the duke of *Herford*, boy?

H. Per. No my good Lord for that is not forgot
Which ne're I did remember, to my knowledge
I neuer in my life did looke on him.

North. Then learne to know him now, this is the Duke.

H. Per. My gracious Lord, I tender you my seruice,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,
Which elder dayes shall ripen and confirme
To more approued seruice and desert.

Bull. I thanke thee gentle *Perse*, and be sure,
I count my selfe in nothing else so happy,
As in a soule remembring my good friends;
And as my fortune ripens with thy loue,
It shall be still thy true loues recompence,
My heart this couenant makes, my hand thus scales it.

North. How farre is it to *Barkley*, and what sturce
Keepes good old Yorke there with his men of warre?

H. Per. There standes the Castle by yon tuft of trees,
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I haue heard;
And in it are the Lordes of *Yorke*, *Barkley*, and *Seymour*,
None else of name and noble estimation.

Nor. Here come the Lordes of *Rosse* and *Willoughby*,
Bloudy with spurring, fiery red with haste.

Bul. Welcome my Lords, I wot your loue pursues
A banisht traitour: all my treasury
Is yet but vnfelt thanks, which more enrich,
Shall be your loue and labours recompence.

Rosse. Your prefence makes vs rich, most noble Lord.

Will. And farre surmounts our labour to attaine it.

Bul. Euermore thanke's the Exchequer of the poore,
Which till my infant fortune comes to yeares,
Standes for my bounty: but vwho comes heere?

North. It is my Lord of *Barkley*, as I guesse.

Barkley. My Lord of *Herford*, my message is to you.

Bull. My Lord, my answere is to *Lancaster*,
And I am come to seeke that name in England.

And

Richard the Second.

And I must finde that title in your tongue,
Before I make reply to ought you say.

Barke. Mistake me not my Lord, it is not my meaning
To race one title of your Honour out:

To you my Lord I come, what Lord you will,
From the most glorious of this land,

The Duke of *Torke*, to know what pricketh you on,
To take aduantage of the absent time,

And fright our native peace with selfe-borne Armes?

Bul. I shall not need transport my words by you,
Heere comes his Grace in person: My noble Vnckle!

Torke. Shew me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whose ducty is deceiueable and false.

Bul. My gracious Vnckle!

Torke. Tut, tut, grace me no grace, nor vnckle me no vnc-
I am no Traitors vnckle; and that word Grace (kle,

In an vngracious mouth, is but prophane:

Why haue those banisht and forbidden legs

Dar'd once to touch a dust of *Englands* ground?

But more than why? Why haue they dar'd to march

So many myles vpon her peacefull bosome,

Frying her pale-fac'd Villages with Warre,

And ostentation of despised Armes?

Comst thou because th' annoynted King is hence?

Why foolish boy, the King is left behind,

And in my loyall bosome lyes his power:

Were I but now Lord of such hot youth,

As when braue *Gaunt* thy father, and thy selfe,

Rescued the blacke Prince that young *Mars* of men,

From forth the ranckes of many thousands French,

O then how quickly should this arme of mine,

Now prisoner to the Paulsey, chastise thee,

And minister correction to thy fault!

Bull. My gracious Vnckle, let me know my fault,

On what condition stands it, and wherein?

Torke. Euen in condition of the worst degree,

In grosse rebellion, and detested treason:

Thou art a banisht man, and heere art come,

The Tragedie of

Before the expiration of thy time,
In brauing armes against my Soueraigne.

But. As I was banisht, I was banisht Herford,
But as I come, I come for Lancaster:
And noble Vnckle, I beseech your Grace,
Looke on my wrongs with an indifferent eye:
You are my Father, or me thinkes in you
I see old Gaunt aliue. Oh then Father,
Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd
A wandering Vagabond, my rights and royalties
Pluckt from my Armes perforce, and giuen away
To vpstart Vnthrifts? wherefore was I borne?
If that my Coosin King be King of England,
It must be graunted I am Duke of Lancaster:
You haue a Sonne, Aumerle, my noble Coosin,
Had you first died, and he been thus trod downe,
He should haue found his Vnckle Gaunt a father,
To rouze his wronges, and chase them to the Bay.
I am denied to sue my liuerie heere,
And yet my letters pattents giue me leaue.
My fathers goodes are all distrain'd and sold,
And these, and all, are all amisse employed.
What would you haue me doe? I am a Subiect,
And I challenge Law; Attornies are denide me,
And therefore personally I lay my claime
To my inheritance of free descent.

North. The noble Duke hath been too much abused.

Rosse. It standes your Grace vpon, to do him right.

Willough. Base men by his endowments are made great.

Torke. My Lords of England, let me tell you this,
I haue had feeling of my Coosins wronges,
And laboured all I could to doe him right;
But in this kind, to come in brauing Armes,
Be his owne caruer, and cut out his way,
To find out right with wrong, it may not be:
And you that do abetto him in this kind,
Cherish Rebellion, and are Rebels all.

North. The noble Duke hath sworne, his comming is

But

King Richard the Second.

But for his owne; and for the right of that,
We all haue strongly sworne to giue him ayde:
And let him ne're see ioy that breakes that oath.

Yorke. Well, well, I see the issue of these Armes;
I cannot mende it, I must needs confesse,
Because my power is weake, and all ill left:
But if I could, by him that gaue me life,
I would attach you all, and make you stoope
Vnto the soueraigne mercy of the King:
But since I cannot, be it knowne to you,
I do remaine as newter; so fare you well,
Vnlesse you please to enter in the Castle,
And there repose you for this night.

Bul. An offer Vnckle that we will accept,
But we must winne your Grace to go with vs
To *Bristow* Castle, which they say is held
By *Bashie*, *Bagot*, and their complices,
The Caterpillers of the Common-wealth,
Which I haue sworne to weede and phicke away.
Yorke. It may be I will go with you, but yet Ile pause, for I
For I am loth to breake our Countries Lawes:
Nor friends, nor foes, to me welcome you are,
Things past redresse, are now with me past care.

Enter Earle of Salisbury, and a Welch Captaine.

Welch. My Lord of *Salisbury*, we haue staide ten dayes,
And hardly kept our Countrymen together,
And yet we heare no tidings from the King,
Therefore we will disperse our selues: farewell.

Salis. Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welchman,
The King reposeth all his confidence in thee.

Welch. Tis thought the King is dead, we will not stay,
The Bay-trees in our Countrey all are withered,
And Meteors fright the fixed Starres of heauen:
The pale-fac'd Moone lookes bloody on the earth,
And leane-look't Prophets whisper fearefull change,
Rich men looke sadde, and Ruffians daunce and leape,
The one in feare to lose what they enjoy.

The Tragedie of

The other to enioy by rage and Warre.
These signes fore-run the death of Kinges.
Farewell, our Countrymen are gone and fled,
As well assured Richard their King is dead.

Sal. Ah Richard! with eyes of heauy minde,
I seethy glory like a shooting starre,
Fall to the base earth from the firmament,
Thy sunne sets, weeping in the lowly West,
Witnessing stormes to come, woe and vnrest:
Thy friendes are fled to waite vpon thy foes,
And crossely to thy good all fortune goes.

Enter Duke of Herford, Yorke, Northumberland,

Bushie and Greene Prisoners.

Bull. Bring forth these men.

Bushie and Greene, I will not vex your soules,
Since presently your soules must part your bodies,
With too much vrging your pernicious liues,
For t'were no charity; yet to wash your blood
From off my hands, here in the view of men,
I will vnfold some causes of your death,
You haue mis-led a Prince, a royall King,
A happy Gentleman in blood and lineaments,
By you vnhappyed and disfigured cleane,
You haue in manner with your sinfull houres,
Made a diuorce betwixt his Queene and him,
Broke the possession of a royall bed,
And staynde the beutie of a fayre Queenes cheekes,
With teares drawne from her eyes with your foule wrongs,
My selfe a Prince by fortune of my birth,
Neere to the King in blood, and neere in loue,
Till they did make him mis-interpret me,
Haue stoopt my necke vnder your iniuries,
And sigh'd my English breath in forren cloudes,
Eating the bitter bread of banishment,
While you haue fedde vpon my segnories,
Disparkt my Parkes, and feld my Forrest woods,
From mine owne windowes torne my household coate,
Ract out my impresse, leauing me no signe,

Sauē

King Richard the Second.

Sauc mens opinions, and my living blood, a guiney blees
 To shew the world I am a Gentleman, and yett now be A
 This, and much more, much more theretwice all this, you
 Condemns you to the death: see them deliuered ouer
 To execution and the hand of death, no more word

Bush. More weloome is the stroke of death to me, than
 Then Bullingbrooke to England: Lords farwell, as said I

Greene. My comfort is, that heauen will take our soules,
 And plague iniustice with the paines of hell.

Bull. My Lord Northumberland, see them dispatche
 Vnckle, you say, the Queen is at your house, as was said
 For Gods sake fauently let her be intreated, as was said
 Tell her, I send to her my kind commendments, as was said
 Take speciall care my greetings be deliuered, as was said

Yorke. A Gentleman of mine I haue dispatcht,
 With letters of your loue to her at large,

Bull. Thankes (gentle Vnckle :) come Lords, away,
 To fight with *Glendower* and his complices, as was said
 A while to worke, and after, holiday. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King, Armerle, Carleil, &c.

King. Barkloughly Castle call yon this at hand?

Armerle. Yea my Lord; how brook's your Grace the ayre
 After your late tossing on the breaking Seas?

King. Needs must I like it well, I weep for ioy,
 To stand vpon my Kingdome once againe, as was said
 Deare earth, I do salute thee with my hand,
 Though Rebels wound thee with their Horses hooves: as was said
 As a long parted mother with her child,
 Playes fondly with her teares, and smiles in meeting,
 So weeping, smiling, greet I thee my earth,
 And do thee fauour with my royall hands;
 Feede not thy Soueraignes foe, my gentle earth,
 Nor with thy sweetes comfort his rauenous sence,
 But let thy Spiders, that sucke vp thy venome,
 And heavy gated Toads, lie in thy way,
 Doing annoyance to the trecherous fests,
 Which with vsurping steps do trample thee:

Teilde

The Tragedie of King Lear

Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies;
And when they from thy bosome plucke a flower,
Guard it ill pray thee with a lurking Adder,
Whose double tongue may with a mortall touch,
Throw death vpon thy Soueraignes enemies:
Mocke not my senselesse coniuration Lords;
This earth shall haue a feeling, and these stones
Prooue armed Souldiers ere her native King
Shall falter vnder foule rebellious armes.
Carl. Feare not my Lord, that power that made you King,
Hath power to keepe you king in spite of all;
The meanes that heauens yeeld must be imbrac't
And not neglected. Else heauen would,
And we would not, heauens offer, we refuse
The proffered meanes of succours and redresse.
Aum. He meanes, my Lord, that we are to remisse,
Whilst *Bullingbrooke*, through our security,
Growes strong and great in substance and in power.
King. Discomfortable coosin, knowst thou not,
That when the searching eie of heauen is hid
Behind the globe that lights the lower world,
Then theues and robbers range abroad vnsene,
In murthers, and in outrage bloody heere.
But when from vnder his terrestriall ball,
He fires the proude tops of the esterne pines,
And darts his light through euery guilty hole;
Then murders, treasons, and detested finnes,
The cloake of night being pluckt from off their backes,
Stand bare and naked trembling at themselves:
So when this thiefe, this traitour *Bullingbrooke*,
Who all this while hath reueld in the night
Whilst we were wandring with the Antipodes,
Shall see vs rising in our throne the East,
His treasons will sit blushing in his face,
Not able to endure the sight of day,
But selfe affrighted, trembled at his sinne,
Not all the water in the rough rude Sea,
Can wash the balm off from an annoynted King.

The

King Richard the Second.

The breath of worldly men cannot depose
 The deputy elected by the Lord,
 For every man that *Bullingbrooke* hath prest,
 To lift shrewd Steele against our golden crowne,
 God for his *Ric*: hath in heavenly pay,
 A glorious Angel: then if Angels fight,
 Weake men must fall, for heauen still guardes the right.

Enter Salisbury.

King. Welcome my Lord: how faire off lies your power?

Salisbury. Nor neere nor farther off, my gracions Lord:
 Than this weake arme, discomfort guides my tongue,
 And bids me speake of nothing but Despaire,
 One day too late, I feare, my noble Lo's, I misbehold
 Hath clouded all thy happy dayes on earth,
 O call backe yesterday, bid Time returne,
 And thou shalt haue twelue thousand fighting men:
 To day, to day, vnhappy day, too late,
 Ouerthrowes thy ioyes, friends, fortune and thy state:
 For all the Welchmen hearing thou wert dead,
 Are gone to *Bullingbrooke*, disperst, and fled.

Ann. Comfort, my liege, why lookes your Grace so pale?

King. But now the bloud of twenty thousand men
 Did triumph in my face, and they are fled:
 And till so much bloud thither come againe,
 Haue I not reason to looke pale and dead?
 All soules that will be safe, flie from my side,
 For Time hath set a blot vpon my pride.

Ann. Comfort, my Liege, remember who you are.

King. I had forgot my selfe, Am I not King?
 Awake thou coward, Maiestie thou sleepest,
 Is not the Kings name twentie thousand names?
 Arme, arme, my name a puny subiect strikes
 At thy great glory, looke not to the ground,
 Yee fauourites of a King, are we not high?
 High be our thoughts, I know my vnckle *York* (heere)
 Hath power enough to serue our turne: but who comes

Enter Scroope.

Scroope. More health and happinesse betide my Liege,

F.

Then

The Tragedie of King Lear

Then can my care tunc tongue deliver him.

King. Mine care is open, and my heart prepar'd.
The worst is worldly losse thou canst unfold.
Say, is my Kingdome lost? Why twas my care,
And what losse is it to be rid of care?
Strives *Bullingbrooke* to be as great as we:
Greater he shall not be, if he serve God.
Weele serve him too, and be his fellow so.

Reuolt our Subiectes? that we can not mende.
They breake their fayth to God as well as vs.
Cry woe, destruction, ruine, and decay,
The worst is death, and death will haue his day.

Scroo. Glad am I, that your Highnesse is forarde
To beare the tydings of calamities,
Like an vnseasonable stormie day,
Which make the siluer Riuers drowne their shores,
As if the world were all distorde to teares,
So high above his limits swels the rage
Of *Bullingbrooke*, covering your fearefull land
With hard bright Steele, and hearts harder then steeles.
White beards haue armd their thinne and hairelesse scalps,
Against thy Maiestie: and boyes with womens voyces
Striue to speake bigge, and clap their female ioynts
In stiffe vnwildie armes, against thy Crowne.
Thy very beards-men learne to bend their browes,
Of double fatall woe against thy state.
Yea distaffe women mannage rustie billes,
Against thy seat both young and old rebell,
And all goes worse then I haue power to tell.

King. To well, to well thou telst a tale so ill.
Where is the Earle of *Wiltshire*? where is *Bagon*?
What is become of *Bushie*? where is *Greene*?
That they haue let the dangerous enemie
Measure our confines with such peacefull steps.
If we preuaile, their heads shall pay for it:
I warrant they haue made peace with *Bullingbrooke*.

Scroo. Peace haue they made with him indeede my Lord.

King. Oh villaines, vipers, damnd without redemption,
Dogs

King Richard the Second

Dogs easily wonne to fawne on any man,
 Snakes in my heart bloud warmd, that sting my heart;
 Three Iudas'es, each one thrice worse then Iudas,
 Would they make peace? terrible hell
 Make warre vpon their spotted soules for this.

Sero. Sweete loue's (I see) changing his property
 Turnes to the sowrest and most deadly hate.
 Againe vncurse their soules, their peace is made,
 With head, and not with hands, those whom you curse
 Haue felt the worst of deaths destroying wound,
 And lie full low grau'd in the hollow ground.

Aum. Is Bushie, Greene, and the Earle of Wiltshire dead?

Sc o. Yea, all of them at Bristow lost their heads.

Aum. Where is the Duke my father with his power?

King. No matter where, of comfort no man speake.

Lets talke of graues, of wormes, and Epitaphs,
 Make dust our paper, and with ranie eyes
 Write sorrow on the bosome of the earth.
 Lets choose Executors, and talke of wils;
 And yet not so, for what can we bequeath,
 Saue our deposed bodies to the ground?
 Our lands, our liues, and all are Bullingbrooks,
 And nothing can we call our owne, but death.
 And that small modell of the barren earth,
 Which serues as paste and couer to our bones.
 For Gods sake let vs sit vpon the ground,
 And tell sad stories of the death of Kings,
 How some haue beene deposde, some slaine in war,
 Some haunted by the ghosts they haue deposed,
 Some poysoned by their wiues, some sleeping kild,
 All murthered: for within the hollow Crowne
 That rounds the mortall temples of a King,
 Keepest death his court, and there the antique sits,
 Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pompe,
 Allowing him a breath, a little sceane,
 To Monarchise, be feard, and kill with lookes,
 Infusing him with selfe and yaine conceit,
 As if this flesh which walles a bout our life,

The Tragedie of

Were Brasse impregnable: and humord thus,
Comes at the last, and with a litle pin,
Bores through his Castle walles, and farewell King.
Couer your heades, and mocke not flesh and blood,
With solemne reuerence throw away respect,
Tradition, forme, and ceremonious dutie,
For you haue but mistooke me all this while,
I liue with bread like you, feeble want,
Taste griefe, need friends: subiected thus,
How can you say to mee, I am a King?

Carl. My Lord, Wise-men ne're sit and waile their woes
But presently preuent the wayes to wayle,
To feare the foe, since feare oppresseth strength,
Giues in your weakenesse strength vnto your foe,
And so your follies fight against your selfe:
Feare, and be slaine, no worse can come to fight:
And fight and die, is death destroying death,
Where fearing dying, payes death seruile breath.

Aum. My Father hath a power, inquire of him,
And learne to make a body of a limme.

King. Thou chidst me well; proud *Bullingbrooke*, I come,
To change blowes with thee for our day of doome:
This Ague-fit of feare is ouerblowne,
An easie taske it is to winne our owne.

Say *Scroope*, Where lies our Vnckle with his power?
Speake sweetely man, although thy lookes be fower.

Scroope. Men iudge by the complexion of the skie,
The state and inclination of the day;
So may you by my dull and heavy eye,
My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say,
I play the torturer by small and small,
To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken:
Your Vnckle *Fork* is ioyn'd with *Bullingbrooke*,
And all your Northerne Castles yeelded vp,
And all your Southerne Gentlemen in armes,
Vpon his partie.

King. Thou hast sayd enough:
Beshrew thee Cousin which didst lead me forth

King Richard the Second.

Of that sweete way I was in to dispaire.
 What say you now? What comfort haue we now?
 By heauen Ile hate him euerlastingly,
 That bids me be of comfort any more,
 Goe to Flint Castle, there Ile pine away,
 A King woes flauie, shall kingly woe obey:
 That power I haue; discharge, and let them go
 To care the land that hath some hope to grow:
 For I haue none; let no man speake againe
 To alter this, for counsell is but vaine.

Aum. My Liege one word.

King. He does me double wrong,
 That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue:
 Discharge my followers, let them hence away,
 From Richards night, to Bullingbrooke faire day.

Enter Bull, Yorke, North.

Bull. So that by this intelligence we learne,
 The Welchmen are disappearst, and Salisbury
 Is gone to meete the King, who lately landed
 With some few priuate friends, vpon this coast.

North. The newes is very faire and good, my Lord:
Richard not farre from hence hath hid his head.

Yorke. It would befeeme the Lord Northumberland,
 To say, King *Richard*; alacke the heauie day,
 When such a sacred King, should hide his head.

North. Your Grace mistakes; onely to be brieft,
 Left I his title out.

Yor. The time hath bin, should you haue bin so brieft with
 He would haue bin so brieft to shorten you, (him,
 For taking so the head, your whole heads length.

Bull. Mistake not (Vnckle) further then you should.

Yorke. Take not (good Coosin) further then you should,
 Least you mistake the heauens are oue your heads.

Bull. I know it Vnckle, and oppose not my selfe
 Against their willes. But, who comes heere? *Enter Percie.*
 Welcome *Harry*: What, will not this Castle yeeld?

H. Percie. The Castle is royally man'd my Lord,
 Against thy entrance.

The Tragedie of King

Bull. Royally, why it contains no King.

H. Per. Yes (my good Lord)

It doth containe a King, King Richard lies

Within the limits of yon lime and stone,

And with him the Lord Aumerle, Lord Salisbury,

Sir Stephen Scroope, besides a Clergie man

Of holy reuerence, who I cannot leaue.

North. Oh belike it is the Bishop of Carleill.

Bull. Noble Lords,

Go to the rude ribbes of that ancient Castle,

Through brasen Trumpet send the breath of parlee,

Into his ruinde eares, and thus deliuer.

H. Bull. on both his knees doth kisse king Richards hand,

And sends alleageance and true sayth of heart

To his royall person: hither come

Euen at his feete, to lay my armes and power:

Provided, that my banishment be cald,

And lands restored againe be freely graunted;

If not, Ile vse the aduantage of my power,

And lay the summers dust with showres of blood,

Raine from the woundes of slaughtered Englishmen,

The which, how far off from the minde of Bullingbrooke,

It is, such crimson tempest should be drench

The fresh greene lap of faire King Richards land,

My stooping duetic tenderly shall shew.

Go signifie as much, while heere we march

Vpon the grassie carpet of this plaine;

Lets march without the noyse of threatening drumme,

That from this Castles tattered battlements,

Our faire appoyntments may be well perusde.

Me thinkes King Richard and my selfe should meete

With no lesse terrour then the Elements

Of Fire and Water, when their thundring smoake,

At meeting teares the cloudy cheekes of heauen.

Be he the Fire, Ile be the yeelding Water;

The rage be his, whilst on the earth I raigne

My Water's on the earth, and not on him;

March on, and marke King Richard how he lookes.

King Richard the Second.

The Trampet sound, Richard appeareth on the wall.

Bul. See see, King Richard doth himselfe appeare,
As doth the blushing discontented Sunne
From out the fiery portall of the East,
When he perceives the enuious cloudes are bent
To dimme his glory, and to staine the tracke
Of his bright passage to the Occident.

Yorke. Yet looks he like a King, behold his eye,
As bright as is the Eagles, lightens forth
Controlling Maiestie, alacke for woe,
That any harme should staine so faire a shew.

King. We are amazd, and thus long haue we stood,
To watch the fearefull bending of thy knee,
Because we thought our selfe the lawfull King,
And if we be, how dare thy ioynts forget
To pay their awfull dutie to our presence?
If we be not, shew vs the hand of God,
That hath dismiss vs from our Stewardship,
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone,
Can gripe the sacred handle of our Scepter,
Vnlesse he do prophane, steale, or vsurpe:
And though you thinke that all as you haue done,
Haue torne their soules, by turning them from vs,
And we are barren and bereft of friendes:
Yet know, my Maister GOD omnipotent,
Is mustering in his cloudes on our behalfe,
Armies of Pestilence, and they shall strike
Your Children yet vnborne, and vnbegot,
That list your vassall handes against my head,
And threat the glory of my precious Crowne,
Tell Bullingbrooke (for you mee thinkes he stands)
That euery stride he makes vpon my land,
Is dangerous treason: he is come to open
The purple testament of bleeding Warre,
But ere the Crowne he looks for, linc in peace,
Ten thousand bloody crownes of mothers sonnes,
Shall ill become the flower of Englands face,
Change the complexion of her Mayd-pale peace,

To

The Tragedie of King Richard the Third

To scarlet indignation, and bedew
Her pastures grasse with faythfull English blood.
North. The King of heauen forbid, our Lord the King,
Should so with ciuill and vnciuill armes
Be rusht vpon. Thy thrise noble Coosin,
Harry Bullingbrooke doth humbly kisse thy hand,
And by the honourable Tombe he swears,
That stands vpon your royall Grandfathers bones,
And by the royalties of both your bloods
Currents that spring from one most gracious head,
And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt,
And by the worth and honour of himselfe,
Comprising all that may be sworne or said,
His comming hither hath no further scope,
Then for his liniall royalties, and to begge
Infranchisement immediate on his knees,
Which on thy royall partie graunted once,
His glittering Armes he will commend to rust,
His barbed Steedes to Stables, and his heart
To faythfull seruice of your Maiestie.
This swears he, as he is a Prince iust:
And as I am a Gentlem, I credit him.
King. Northumberland, say thus: the King returns,
His noble Coosin is right welcome hither,
And all the number of his faire demaundes
Shall be accomplit without contradiction,
With all the gracious vtterance thou hast;
Speake to his gentle hearing kind commendess:
We do debase our selues (Coosin) do we not?
To looke so poorely, and to speake so faire?
Shall we call backe Northumberland, and send
Defiance to the traitour, and so die?
Aum. No good my Lord, lets fight with gentle wordes,
Till time lend friends, and friendes their helpfull swords.
King. Oh God, oh God that ere this tongue of mine,
That laid the sentence of dread banishment
On yon proud man, should take it off againe,
With words of sooth! Oh that I were as great,

Richard the Second.

As is my griefe, or lesser then my name!
 Or that I could forget what I haue been!
 Or not remember what I must be now!
 Swell'st thou (proud heart,) Ile giue thee scope to beat,
 Since foes haue scope to beat both thee and mee.

Ann. Northumberland comes backe frō Bullingbrooke.

King. What must the King do now? must he submit?
 The King shall do it: Must he be deposde?
 The King shall be contented: Must he loose
 The name of a King? a Gods name let it goe:
 Ile giue my jewels for a set of Beades:
 My gorgeous Pallace, for a Hermitage:
 My gay Apparell, for an Almes-mans Gowne:
 My figured Goblets, for a dish of Wood:
 My Scepter, for a Palmers walking Staffe:
 My Subiects, for a payre of carued Saints:
 And my large Kingdome, for a little Graue,
 A little little Graue, an obscure Graue;
 Or, Ile be buried in the Kings hie way,
 Some way of common trade, where subiectes feete
 May hourelly trample on their Soueraignes head;
 For on my heart they tread now whilst I liue:
 And buried once, why not vpon my head?
Aumerle, thou weepest (my tender-hearted Cousin)
 Weele make foule weather with despised teares;
 Our sighes, and they, shall lodge the summer corne,
 And make a dearth in this reuolting land:
 Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,
 And make some pretty match with sheading teares,
 And thus to drop them still vpon one place,
 Till they haue fretted vs a paire of Graues
 Within the earth: and therein layde; their lies
 Two kinsemen digd their Graues with weeping eyes?
 Would not this ill doe well? well well I see,
 Italke but idly, and you laugh at mee.
 Most mighty Prince, my Lord Northumberland,
 What sayes King Bullingbrooke, will his Maiestie
 Giue Richard leaue to liue till Richard die?

G

You

The Tragedie of

You make a legge, and Bullingbrooke sayes I.

North. My Lord in the base court he doth attend,
To speake with you: may it please you to come downe.

King. Downe, downe I come, like glistering Phaeton,
Wanting the manage of vnruely Iades.

In the base court, base court where Kings grow base,
To come at traytors calles, and do them grace.

In the base court come downe: downe court, downe King;
For night-owles shreeke where mounting larks should sing.

Bull. What sayes his Maiestie?

North. Sorrow and grieve of heart,
Makes him speake fondly like a franticke man:
Yet he is come.

Bull. Stand all apart,
And shew faire duety to his Maiestie: *He kneeles downe,*
My gracious Lord.

King. Faire Coosin, you debase your princely knee,
To make the base earth proud with kissing it:
Meer rather had my heart might feele your loue,
Then my vnpleased eye see your curtesie:
Vp Coosin vp, your heart is vp I know,
Thus high at least, although your knee be low.

Bull. My gracious Lord, I come but for mine owne.

King. Your owne is yours, and I am yours and all.

Bull. So farre be mine, my most redoubred Lord,
As my true seruice shall deserue your loue.

King. Well you deserue: they well deserue to haue,
That know the strongst and surest way to get:
Vnckle, giue me your hands; nay dry your eyes,
Teares shew their loue, but want their remedies.
Coosin, I am too young to be your Father,
Though you are old enough to be Heyre;
What you will haue, he giue, and willing too:
For doe we must, what force will haue vs doe:
Set on towards London, Coosin is it so?

Bull. Yeamy good Lord.

King. Then I must not say no.

Exeunt.

Enter

*Richard the Second.**Enter the Queene with her attendants.*

Que. What sport shall we deuise here in this garden,
To driue away the heauie thought of care?

Lady. Madam weele play at bowles.

Quee. T will make me thinke the world is full of rubs,
And that my fortune runs against the bias.

Lady. Madam weele daunce.

Quee. My legs can keepe no measure in delight,
When my poore heart no measure keeps in griefe :
Therefore no dauncing girle, some other sport,

Lady. Madam weele tell tales,

Quee. Of sorrow or of griefe?

Lady. Of either Madame.

Quee. Of neither girle,
For if of ioy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of sorrow :
Or if of griefe, being altogether had,
It addes more sorrow to my want of ioy :
For what I haue I neede not to repeate,
And what I want it bootes not to complaine.

Lady. Madam ile sing.

Quee. Tis well that thou hast cause,
But thou shoudst please me better wouldst thou weepe.

Lady. I could weepe Madame, would it do you good.

Quee. And I could sing would weeping do me good,
And neuer borrow any teare of thee.

But stay, here commeth the Gardiners,
Lets step into the shadow of these trees,
My wretchednesse vnto a row of pines.
They will talke of state, for euerie one doth so,
Against a change woe is fore-runne with woe.

Enter Gardiners.

Gard. Goebind thou vp yon dangling Apricookes,
Which like vnruely children make their fire
Stoope with oppression of their prodigall weight :
Giue some supportance to the bending twigs,
Goe thou, and like an executioner

The Tragedie of

Cutoff the heads of two fast growing spraves,
That looke too loftie in our Common-wealth:
All must be euen in our gouernement.
You thus imployde, I will goe roote away
The noysome Weedes that without profit sucke
The soyles fertilitie from holosome Flowers.

Man. Why should we in the compasse of a Pale,
Keepe law and forme, and due proportion,
Shewing in a modell our firme estate,
When our sea-walled Garden, the whole Land
Is full of Weedes; her fairest Flowers choakt vp,
Her fruit trees all vnprund her hedges ruinde,
Her Knots disordered, and her holosome Hearbes
Swarming with Caterpillers.

Gard. Hold thy peace,
He that hath suffered this disordered Spring,
Hath now himselfe met with the fall of Lease:
The Weedes that his broades spreading Leaues did shelter,
That seemde in eating him, to hold him vp,
Are puld vp, roote and all, by Bullingbrooke:
I meane the Earle of Wiltshire, Bushie, Greene.

Man. What, are they dead?

Gard. They are,
And Bullingbrooke hath seized the wastfull King.
Oh what pittie it is, that he had not so trimde
And drest his Land; as we this Garden, at time of yeere.
Do wound the barke, the skinne of our fruit trees,
Least being ouer-proud with sappe and blood,
With too much riches it confound it selfe.
Had he done so, to great and growing men,
They might haue liue to beare, and he to taste
Their fruites of duetie: superfluous branches
Weloppe away, that bearing boughes may liue;
Had he done so, himselfe had borne the Crowne,
Which waste of idle houres hath quite throwne downe.

Man. What, thinke you the King shall be deposed?

Gard. Deprest he is already, and deposte

King Richard the Second.

T'is doubt he will be. Letters came last night
To a deare friend of the Duke of Yorks,
That tell blacke tidinges.

Queen. Oh! I am prest to death through want of speaking
Thou old *Adams* likenesse set to dresse this Garden,
How dares thy harsh rude tongue sound this vnpleasing
What *Euel* what *Serpent* hath suggested thee, (newes;
To make a second fall of cursed man?
Why dost thou say *King Richard* is deposde?
Darst thou, thou little better thing then earth
Diuine his downefall? Say, where, when, and how
Camst thou by this ill tidinges? speake thou wretch?

Gard. Pardon me Madam, little ioy haue I
To breathe these newes, yet what I say is true:
King Richard, he is in the mighty hold
Of *Bullingbrooke*: their fortunes both are weyde.
In your Lo. scale, is nothing but himselfe,
And some few vanities that make him light:
But in the ballance of great *Bullingbrooke*,
Besides himselfe, are all the English *Pceres*,
And with that oddes, he weighes *King Richard* downe.
Post you to London, and you will finde it so;
I speake no more then euery one doth know.

Queen. Nimble Mischaunce, that art so light of foote,
Doth not thy embassage belong to me,
And am I last that knowes it? Oh thou thinkest
To serue me last, that I may longest keepe
Thy sorrow in my breast: come Ladyes, goe
To meete at London Londons *King* in woe.
What, was I borne to this, that my sadd looke,
Should grace the triumph of great *Bullingbrooke*?
Gardner, for telling me these newes of woe,
Pray God the Plants thou graftst may neuer grow. *Exit.*

Gard. Poore *Queene*, so that thy state might be no worse.
I would my skill were subiect to thy curse:
Heere did she drop a teare, heere in this place,
He set a bancke of *Rew* sowre *Hearb-of-grace*:

The Tragedie of

Rew, euen for Ruth, heere shortly shall be scene,
In remembrance of a weeping Queene, *Exeunt.*

Enter Bullingbrooke, Aumerle, and others.

Bull. Call foorth Bagot. *Enter Bagot.*

Now Bagot, freely speake thy minde,
What thou dost know of noble Glocesters death,
Who wrought it with the King, and who performde
The bloodie office of his timelesse end.

Bagot. Then set before my face the Lord Aumerle.

Bull. Coosin, stand foorth, and looke vpon that man.

Bagot. My Lord Aumerle, I know your daring tongue
Scornes to vsay what once it hath deliuered:
In that dead time when Glocesters death was plotted,
I heard you say, Is not my arme of length,
That reacheth from the restfull English court
As farre as Callice to mine Vnckles head?
Amongst much other talke, that very time,
I heard you say, that you had rather refuse
The offer of an hundred thousand Crownes,
Then Bullingbrookes returne to England, adding withall,
How blest this land would be in this your Coosins death.

Aum. Princes, and noble Lords,
What answere shall I make to this base man?
Shall I so much dishonour my faire starres,
On equall tearmes to giue him chastisement?
Either I must, or haue mine Honour soyld
With the attainer of his slaundersous lips:
There is my gage, the manuall scale of death,
That markes thee out for Hell: thou liest,
And will maintaine what thou hast sayd, is false,
In thy heart blood, though being all too base
To staine the temper of my knightly Sword.

Bull. Bagot, forbear, thou shalt not take it vp.

Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the best
In all this presence, that hath mooued me so.

Fuz. If that thy valoure stand on sympathie,
There is my gage Aumerle, in gage to thine;

By

King Richard the Second.

By that faire Sunne that shewes me where thou standst,
 I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spakst it,
 That thou wert cause of noble Glocesters death:
 If thou deniest it twentie times, thou lyest,
 And I will turne thy falshood to thy heart,
 Where it was forged, with my Rapiers poynt.

Aum. Thou darst not (coward) liue I to see the day.

Fitz. Now by my soule, I would it were this houre.

Aum. Fitzwaters, thou art damnd to hell for this.

L. Per. Aumerle, thou liest, his honour is as true,
 In this appeale, as thou art all vniust,
 And that thou art so, there I throw my gage,
 To proue it on thee to the extreamest poynt
 Of mortall breathing, seize it if thou darst.

Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
 And neuer brandish more reuengefull Steele
 Ouer the glittering helmet of my foe.

Another L. I take the earth to the like (forsworne Aumerle,
 And spur thee on with full as many lies,
 As it may be hollowed in thy trecherous eare
 From sinne to sinne: there is my honors pawne,
 Ingage it to the tryall if thou darst.

Aum. Who sets me else? by heauen He throw at all.
 I haue a thousand spirits in one breast,
 To answer twentie thousand such as you.

Sur. My Lord Fitzwater, I do remember well
 The verie time Aumerle and you did talke.

Fitz. Tis very true, you were in prefence then,
 And you can witnesse with me this is true.

Sur. As false by heauen, as heauen it selfe is true.

Fitz. Suerie thou liest. (sword)

Sur. Dishonourable boy, that ly shall ly so heauie on my
 That it shall render vengeance and reuenge,
 Till thou the lie-giuer, and that lie do lie,
 In earth as quiet as thy fathers scull.
 In prooffe whereof there is my honors pawne,
 Ingage it to the tryall if thou darst.

Fitz.

The Tragedie of

Fitz. How fondly dost thou spur a forward horse;
If I dare eate, or drinke, or breathe or liue,
I dare meete Surry in a Wildernesse,
And spit vpon him whilst I say, he lyes,
And lyes, and lyes: there is my bond of fayth,
To tie thee to my strong correction:
As I intend to thrue in this new world,
Aumerle is guiltie of my true appeale.
Besides, I heard the banished *Norffolke* say:
That thou *Aumerle* didst send two of thy men
To execute the noble Duke of *Calice*.

Aum. Some honest Christian trust me with a gage,
That *Norfolke* lyes, heere do I throw downe this,
If he may be repeald to try his honour?

Bul. These differences shall all rest vnder gage,
Till *Norffolke* be repeald, repeald he shall be,
And though mine enemy, restor'd againe
To all his lands and signories: when he is return'd,
Against *Aumerle* we will inforce his tryall.

Carl. That honorable day shall neuer be seene:
Many a time hath banisht *Norffolke* fought
For Iesus Christ, in glorious Christian field,
Streaming the Ensigne of the christian Crosse,
Against blacke Pagans, Turkes, and Saracens,
And toyl'd with workes of Warre, retir'd himselfe
To Italy, and there at Venice gaue
His body to a pleasant countries earth,
And his pure soule vnto his captaine Christ,
Vnder whose colours he had fought so long.

Bul. Why Bishop, is *Norffolke* dead?

Carl. As sure as I liue, my Lord.

Bul. Sweet peace conduct his sweet soule to the bosome
Of good old Abraham: Lords appeallants,
Your differences shall all rest vnder gage,
Till we asigne you to your dayes of tryall.

Enter Yorke.

Yorke. Great Duke of Lancaster, I come to thee,
From

King Richard the Second.

From plume-pluckt *Richard*, who with willing soule
 Adopts thee Heire, and his high Scepter yeeldes
 To the possession of thy royall hand:
 Ascend his Trone, descending now from him,
 And long liue *Henrie*, fourth of that name.

Bull. In Gods name, He ascend the Regall throne.

Carl. Mary God forbid
 Worst in this royall presence I may speake:
 Yet best becomming me to speake the trueth:
 Would God any in this noble presence,
 Were enough noble to be vpright Iudge
 Of noble *Richard*: Then true noblenesse would
 Learne him forbearance from so foule a wrong.
 What subiect can giue sentence on his King?
 And who sits not here that is not *Richards* subiect?
 Theeues are not iudged, but they are by to heare,
 Although apparant guilt be scene in them:
 And shall the figure of Gods Maiestie,
 His Captaine, steward, deputy, elect,
 Anointed, crowned, planted many yeeres,
 Be iudg'd by subiect and inferior breath,
 And he himselfe not present? Oh forfend it God,
 That in a Christian Climate soules refine
 Should shew so hainous blacke obscene a deed.
 I speake to subiects, and a subiect speakes,
 Stird vp by God thus boldly for his King.
 My Lord of Hereford here whom you call King,
 Is a foule traitour to proud Herefords King,
 And if you grow he him, let me prophesie,
 The blood of English shall manure the ground,
 And future ages groane for his foule act,
 Peace shall goe sleepe with Turkes and Infidels,
 And in this feate of peace, tumultuous wars
 Shall kin with king, and kinde with kinde confound:
 Disorder, horror, feare and mutiny,
 Shall here inhabit, and this land be cald,
 The field of Golgotha and dead mens skuls.

H

Oh

The Tragedie of

Oh if you rayse this house against his house,
It will the wofullest diuision proue,
That euer fell vpon this cursed earth :
Preuent it, resist it, and let it not be so,
Least child, childe children crie against you woe.

North. Well haue you argued sir, and for your paynes,
Of Capitall treason, we arrest you here :
My Lord of Westminster, be it your charge,
To keepe him safely till his day of triall.
May it please you Lords, to graunt the common suite,
Fetch hither *Richard*, that in common view
He may surrender, so we shall proceed without suspition.

Torke. I will be his conduct.

Bull. Lords, you that are heere, are vnder our arest,
Procure your Sureties for your dayes of answer;
Litle are we beholding to your loue,
And litle looke for at your helping hands.

Enter king Richard.

Rich. Alacke why am I sent for to a King,
Before I haue shooke off the regall thoughts
Wherewith I raignd; I hardly yet haue learnt
To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my limbes?
Giue Sorrow leaue a while to tutor me to this submission:
Yet I well remember the fauours of these men,
Were they not mine? did they not sometimes cry all hayle
To me? so *Iudas* did to *Christ*; but he in twelue,
Found trueth in all but one; I in twelue thousand none :
God saue the King, will no man say Amen:
Am I both Priest and Clarke; well then, Amen,
God saue the King, although I be not hee,
And yet Amen, if heauen do thinke him mee :
To doe what seruice am I sent for hither?

Torke. To doe that office of thine owne good will,
Which tired maiestie did make thee offer;
The resignation of thy State and Crowne
To *Harry Bullingbrooke*.

Rich. Seale the Crowne.

Heere

King Richard the Second.

Heere Cooſin, on this ſide my hand, and on that ſide yours:
 Now is this golden Crowne like a deepe Well,
 That owes two Buckets filling one an other,
 The emptier euer dauncing in the ayre,
 The other downe viſcene, and full of Water:
 That Bucket downe, and full of teares, am I,
 Drinking my griefe, whiſt you mount vp on high.

Bull. I thought you had been willing to reſigne?

Rich. My Crowne I am, but ſtill my Griefes are mine:
 You may my Glories and my State depoſe,
 But not my Griefes, ſtill am I King of thoſe.

Bul. Part of your Cares you giue me with your Crowne:

Rich. Your cares ſet vp, do not plucke my cares downe:
 My care is loſſe of care, by old care don,
 Your care is gaine of care by new care won:
 The cares I giue, I haue, though giuen away,
 They tend the Crowne, yet ſtill with me they ſtay.

Bull. Are you contented to reſigne the Crowne?

Rich. I, no no I; for, I muſt nothing bee,
 Therefore no no, for I reſigne to thee.
 Now marke me how I will vndoe my ſelfe:
 I giue this heauie waight from off my head,
 And this vnweildie Scepter from my hand,
 The pride of kingly ſway from out my heart:
 With mine owne teares I waſh away my balme,
 With mine owne hands I giue away my Crowne;
 With mine owne tongue deny my ſacred ſtate,
 With mine owne breath releaſe all duties rites,
 All pompe and maieltie I do forſweare,
 My Manners, Rentes, Reuenewes I forgoe,
 My Actes, Decrees, and Statutes I denie;
 God pardon all Oathes that are broke to me,
 God keepe all Vowes vnbroke that ſwear to thee:
 Make me that nothing haue, with nothing griued,
 And thou with all pleaſd, that haſt all atchieud:
 Long mayſt thou liue in *Richards* ſeat to ſit,
 And ſoone lie *Richard* in an earthy pit:

The Tragedie of

God saue King *Harry*, vnkingd *Richard* sayes,
And send him many yeeres of Sun-shine dayes.
What more remaines?

North. No more, but that you read
These accusations, and these greenous crimes,
Committed by your person, and your followers,
Against the State and profit of this Land,
That by confessing them, the soules of men
May deeme that you are worthily deposde.

Rich. Must I doe so? and must I rauell out
My weaud vp Folly, gentle *Northumberland*?
If thy offences were vpon record,
Would it not shame thee in so faire a troope,
To read a lecture of them, if thou wouldst,
There shouldst thou finde one haynous article,
Contayning the depofing of a King,
And cracking the strong warrant of an Oath,
Markt with a blot, damd in the booke of heauen:
Nay of you that stand and looke vpon,
Whilst that my wretchednesse doth bate my selfe;
Though some of you (with *Pilat*) wash your hands,
Shewing an outward pittie, yet you *Pilates*,
Haue heere deliuer me to my sowre Crosse,
And water can not wash away your sinne.

North. My Lord dispatch, read ore these Articles.

Rich. Mine eyes are full of teares, I cannot see;
And yet salt water blindes them not so much,
But they can see a sort of Traytors heere:
Nay, if I turne mine eyes vpon my selfe,
I find my selfe a Traytor with the rest;
For I haue giuen heere my soules consent
To vndecke the pompous body of a King;
Made Glory bace, and Seueraintie a slave;
Proud Maiestie a subiect, State a peasant.

North. My Lord,

Rich. No Lord of thine, thou haught insulting man,
Nor no mans Lord; I haue no name, no title,

King Richard the Second.

No not that name was giuen me at the Font,
 But tis vsurpt; alacke the heauie day
 That I haue worne so many Winters out,
 And know not now, what name to call my selfe.
 O that I were a mockerie King of Snow,
 Standing before the funne of *Bullingbrooke*,
 To melt my selfe away in water drops.
 Good King, great King; and yet not greatly good:
 And if my name be starling, yet in England
 Let it commaund a mirour hether strayte
 That it may shew me what a face I haue,
 Since it is banckrout of his Maiestie.

Bull. Goe some of you and fetch a Looking-glasse.

North. Read ore this paper while the Glasse doth come.

Rich. Feind, thou torments me ere I come to Hell.

Bull. Vrge it no more my Lord Northumberland.

North. The Commons will not then be fatisfied.

Rich. They shall be satisfied, Ile read enough,
 When I do see the very Booke indeed,
 Where all my finnes are writ, and that's my selfe.
 Giue me the Glasse: no deeper wrinkles yet?
 Hath Sorrow stroke so many blowes vpon this
 Face of mine, and made no deeper woundes?
 Oh flattering Glasse, like to my followers in prosperitie!
 Was this the face that euery day vnder his
 Houshold rooffe did keepe ten thousand men?
 Was this the face that faast so many follics,
 And was at last outfaast by *Bullingbrooke*?
 A brittle Glorie shineth in this face,
 As brittle as the Glorie is the face,
 For there it is crackt in a hundred shiuers:
 Marke silent King the morall of this sport,
 How soone my sorrow hath destroyde my face.

Bull. The shadow of your sorrow hath destroyd
 The shadow of your face.

Rich. Say that againe: the shadow of my sorrow;
 Ha lets see: tis very true, my grieffe

The Tragedie of

Lies all within, and these externall manners
Of laments are meere shadows to the vnscene,
Griefe that swelles with silence in the tortured soule:
And I thanke thee King that not onely giuest
Me cause to wayle, but teachest me the way
How to lament the cause: Ile begge one boone,
And then be gone, and trouble you no more.

Bull. Name it faire Coosin.

Rich. Faire Coose, why? I am greater then a King:
For when I was a king, my flatterers were then but subiects,
Being now a subiect, I haue a King heere
To my flatterer; being so great, I haue no need to beg.

Bul. Yet aske.

Rich. And shall I haue it?

Bul. You shall.

Rich. Why then giue me leaue to goe.

Bull. Whither?

Rich. Whither you will, so I were from your sights.

Bull. Goe some of you conuey him to the Tower.

Rich. O good conuey, conueyers are you all,
That rise thus nimble by a true Kings fall.

Bull. On Wednesday next we solemnely set downe
Our Coronation; Lords prepare your selues.

Exeunt. Manet West. Carleill, Aumerle.

Abbot. A wofull Pageant haue we heere beheld.

Carl. The woe's to come, the children yet vnborne,
Shall feele this day as sharpe to them as thorne.

Aum. You holy Clergie men, is there no plot,
To rid the Realme of this pernicious blot?

Abbot. Before I freely speake my minde herein,
You shall not onely take the Sacrament,
To bury mine intentes, but also to effect,
What euer I shall happen to deuise:
I see your browes are full of discontent,
Your heart of sorrow, and your eyes of teares;
Come home with me to supper, Ile lay a plot,
Shall shew vs all a merry day.

*Exeunt.
Enter*

King Richard the Second.

Enter Queene, with her attendants.

Queene. This way the King will come, this is the way
To *Julius Cæsars* ill erected Tower,
To whose flint bosome my condemned Lord
Is doomde a prisoner by proud *Bullingbrooke*.
Heere let vs rest, if this rebellious earth
Haue any resting for her true Kings Queene.

Enter Richard.

But soft, but see, or rather, do not see,
My faire Rose wither: yet looke vp, behold,
That you in pittie may dissolue to deaw,
And wash him fresh againe with true loue teares.
Ah thou the modell vwhere old *Troy* did stand!
Thou mappe of Honour, thou King *Richards* toombe,
And not King *Richard*: thou most beauteous Inne,
Why should hard fauourd griefe be lodged in thee,
When triumph is become an Alehouse guest?

Rich. Ioyne not with griefe, faire woman, do not so,
To make my end too sudden, learne good soule,
To thinke our former state a happy dreame,
From which awakt, the trueth of what we are,
Shewes vs but this: I am sworne (brother sweete)
To grimme Necessitie, and he and I
Will keepe a league till death. Hie thee to *France*,
And cloyster thee in some religious house:
Our holy liues must winne a new worlds Crowne,
Which our praphane houres heere, haue throwne downe.

Queene. What is my *Richard* both in shape and minde,
Transformd and weakned? hath *Bullingbrooke*
Deposde thine intellect? hath he been in thy heart?
The Lyon dying thrusteth foorth his paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage,
To be o'repowerd, and wilt thou Pupil-like
Take thy correction, mildely kisse the rodde,
And fawne on Rage with bace humilitie,
Which art a Lion and a King of beastes.

King. A King of Beastes indeed, if aught but beast,

The Tragedie of

I had been still a happy King of men.
 Good, (sometime Queene) prepare thee hence for *France*,
 Thinke I am dead, and that euen heere thou takest
 As from my death-bed my last living leaue.
 In Winters tedious nights sit by the fire
 With good old folkes, and let them tell thee tales
 Of woefull ages long agoe betide,
 And ere thou bid good night, to quite their grieve,
 Tell thou the lamentable tale of me,
 And sende the hearers weeping to their beds:
 For why, the sencelesse brands will sympathy
 The heauie accent of thy mouing tongue,
 And in compassion weep the fire out,
 And some will mourne in ashes, some cole blacke,
 For the deposing of a rightfull King.

Enter Northumberland.

North. My Lord, the minde of *Bullingbrooke* is changed,
 You must to *Pomfret*, not vnto the *Tower*.
 And Madam, there is order tane for you,
 With all swift speed you must away to *France*.

King. *Northumberland*, thou ladder wherewithall
 The mounting *Bullingbrooke* ascendes my throne,
 The time shall not be many houres of age
 More then it is, ere foule sinne gathering head,
 Shall breake into corruption, thou shalt thinke,
 Though he deuide the Realme, and giue thee halfe,
 It is too little, helping him to all:
 He shall thinke, that thou which knowest the way
 To plant vnrightfull Kinges, vwill knowe againe,
 Being nere so little vrgd another vway,
 To plucke him headlong from the vsurped throne.
 The loue of vicked men conuerts to feare,
 That feare, to hate; and hate turnes one or both
 To vvorthy danger and deserued death.

North. My guilt be on my head, and there an ende
 Take leaue and part, for you must part forthwith.

King. Doubly diuorc't, (baddemen) you violate

Richard the Second.

A twofold marriage, betwixt my Crowne and me,
And then betwixt me, and my married wife.
Let me vnkisse the oath betwixt thee and me:
And yet not so, for with a kisser was made,
Part vs *Northumberland*, I towards the North,
Where sheuering cold and sicknesse pines the clime:
My Wife to France, from whence set forth in pompe,
She came adorned hither, like sweete May,
Sent backe like Hollowmas, or shortst of day.

Queen. And must we be deuic'd? must we part?

King. I, hand from hand (my loue) and heart from heart.

Queene. Banish vs both, and send the King with me,

King. That were some loue, but little policie.

Queen. Then whither he goes, thither let me goe.

King. So two together weeping, make one woe;
Weepe for me in France, I for thee heere,
Better farre off then neere be neare the neere:
Goe count thy way with sighes, I mine with groanes.

Queene. So longest way shall haue the longest moanes.

King. Twise for one step Ile grone, the way being short,
And peece the way out with a heauie heart.
Come, come, in wooing sorrow lets be brieft,
Since wedding it, there is such length in grieft:
One kisse shall stoppe our mouthes, and doubly part,
Thus giue I mine, and thus take I thy heart:

Queene. Giue me my owne againe, twere no good part,
To take on me to keepe, and kill thy heart,
So now I haue mine owne againe, be gone,
That I may strue to kill it with a groane.

King. We make Woe wanton with this fond delay,
Once more adew, the rest let sorrow say. *Exeunt.*

Enter Duke of Torke and the Duchesse.

Duc. My Lord, you told me you would tell the rest,
When weeping made you breake the story
Of our two Coosins comming into London.

Torke. Where did I leaue?

Duc. At that sad stop my Lord,

I

Where

The Tragedie of

Where rude misgouvernd hands from windowes tops,
Threw dust and rubbish on King Richards head.

Yorke. Then (as I sayd) the Duke great Bullingbrooke,
Mounted vpon a hote and fierie steede,
Which his aspiring rider seemde to know,
With slow, but stately pace kept on his course,
While all tongues cride, God saue the Bullingbrooke,
You would haue thought the very Windowes spake:
So many greedy lookes of young and old,
Through Casements darted their desiring eyes
Vpon his visage, and that all the Walles,
With painted imagery had sayd at once,
Iesu-preserve the welcome Bullingbrooke,
Whilst he from the one side to the other turning
Bare-headed, lower then his proud Steeds necke
Bespake them thus, I thanke you Countrymen:
And thus still doing, thus he past along.

Duc. Alacke poore Richard, where rides he the whilst?

Yorke. As in a Theater the eyes of men,
After a well graced Actor leaues the Stage,
Are idely bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious:
Euen so, or with much more contempt mens eyes
Did scoule on gentle Richard, no man cried, God saue him:
No ioyfull tongue gaue him his welcome home,
But Dust was throwne vpon his sacred head,
Which with such gentle sorrow he shooke off,
His face still combating with teares and smiles,
The badges of his griefe and patience,
That had not God for some strong purpose steeld,
The hearts of men, they must perforce haue melted,
And Barbarisme it selfe haue pittied him:
But Heaven hath a hand in these euentures,
To whose high will we bound our calme contentures,
To Bullingbrooke are we sworne subiect now,
Whose state and honour I for ay allow.

Duc. Heere comes my sonne Aumerle.

(Enter Aumerle.
Yorke.

Richard the Second.

Torke. Aumerle that was,
But that is lost, for being Richards friend:
And Madam, you must call him Rutland now:
I am in Parliament pledge for his trueth
And lasting fealtie to the new made King.

Dut. Welcome my sonne, who art the Violets now,
That strew the Greene lappe of the new-come spring.

Aum. Madam I know not, nor I greatly care not,
God knowes I had as lief be none as one.

Torke. Well, beare you well in this new spring of time,
Least you be cropt before you come to prime.
What newes from Oxford: do these iusts & triumphs hold?

Aum. For aught I know (my Lord) they do.

Torke. You will be there I know.

Aum. If God preuent not I purpose so.

Torke. What seale is that that hangs without thy bosome?
Tea, lookst thou pale? let me see the writing.

Aum. My Lord, tis nothing.

Torke. No matter then who see it,
I will be satisfied, let me see the writing.

Aum. I do beseech your Grace to pardon me,
It is a matter of small consequence,
Which for some reasons I would not haue scene.

Torke. Which for some reasons (sir) I meane to see.
I feare, I feare.

Dut. What should you feare?
Tis nothing but some band that he is entred into
For gay apparrell against the triumph.

Torke. Bound to himselfe, what doth he with a Bond?
That he is bound to: Wife, thou art a foble;
Boy, let me see the writing.

Aum. I do beseech you pardon me, I may not shew it.

Torke. I will be satisfied; let me see it, I say:

He plucks it out of his bosome, and reads it.

Treason, foule treason: villaine, traytor, slaue.

Dut. What is the matter, my Lord?

Torke. Ho, who is within there? saddle my Horse:

The Tragedie of

God for his mercy! what trechery is here?

Du. Why, what is it my Lord?

Yorke. Giue me my bootes I say, saddle my horse,
Now by mine honour, my life, my troth,
I will appeach the villaine.

Du. What is the matter?

Yorke. Peace foolish woman,

Du. I will not peace, what is the matter Aumerle?

Aum. Good mother be content, it is no more
Then my poore life must answer.

Du. Thy life answer?

Yorke. Bring me my bootes, I will vnto the King.

This Man enters with his Beares.

Du. Strike him Aumerle, poore boy thou art amazed,
Hence villaine, neuer more come in my sight.

Yorke. Giue me my bootes I say.

Du. Why Yorke, what wilt thou do?

Wilt not thou hide the trespassse of thine owne?

Haue we more sonnes? or are we like to haue?

Is not my teeming dase drunke vp with time?

And wilt thou plucke my faire sonne from mine age,

And robbe mee of a happie mothers name?

Is he not like thee? is he not thine owne?

Yorke. Thou fond mad woman,

Wilt thou conceale this darke conspiracie?

A doozen of them heere, haue tane the sacrament,

And interchangeably set downe their hands,

To kill the King at Oxford.

Du. He shall be none, weele keepe him heere,

Then what is that to him?

Yor. A way fond woman, were he twentie times my sonne,
I would appeach him.

Du. Hadst thou ground for him as I haue done,

Thou wouldst be more pittifull:

But now I know thy minde, thou dost suspect

That I haue beene disloyall to thy bed,

And that he is a ballard, not thy sonne:

Sweete

King Richard the Second.

Sweete Yorke, sweete husband be not of that minde,
He is as lik thee as a man may be,
Not like me or any of my kinne,
And yet I loue him.

Yorke. Make way vntruly woman, *Exit.*

Du. After Aumerle: mount thee vpon his horse,
Spur, post, and get before him to the King,
And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee,
He not be long behind, though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as fast as Yorke,
And neuer will I rise vp from the ground,
Till Bullingbrooke haue pardoned thee, away, be gone.

Enter the King with his Nobles.

King H. Can no man tell me of my vnthrifitie sonne?
Tis full three months since I did see him last,
If any plague hang ouer vs, tis hee,
I would to God my Lords, he might be found:
Inquire at London, mongst the Tauernes there,
For there they say, he daily doth frequent,
With vnrestrained loose companions,
Euen such (they say) as stand in narrow lanes,
And beat our watch, and robbe our passengers,
Which he yong wanton and effeminate boy,
Takes on the point of honor to support so dissolute a crew.

H. Per. My Lord, some two daies since I saw the Prince,
And told him of these triumphs held at Oxford.

King. And what said the gallant?

Percie. His answer was, he would to the stewes,
And from the commonest creature plucke a gloue,
And wear it as a fauour, and with that
He would vnhorse the lustiest Challenger.

King H. As dissolute as desperate, yet through both
I see some sparkles of better hope, which elder yeares
May happily bring forth. But who comes heere?

Enter Aumerle amazed.

Aum. Where is the King? *So wildly?*

King H. What meanes our cousin that he stares and looks

The Tragedie of

Ann. God saue your Grace, I do besech your Maiestie,
To haue some conference with your Grace alone.

King. Withdraw your selues, and leaue vs heere alone:
What is the matter with our Cousin now?

Ann. For euer may my knees grow to the earth,
My tongue cleaue to my roose within my mouth,
Vnlesse a pardon ere I rise or speake.

King. Intended, or committed, was this fault?
If on the first, how heynous ere it be,
To winne thy after loue, I pardon thee.

Ann. Then giue me leaue that I may turne the key,
That no man enter till my tale be done.

King. Haue thy desire.

The Duke of Yorke knocks at the doore, and cryeth.

Yorke. My liege beware, looke to thy selfe,
Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there.

King. Villaine, Ile make thee safe.

An. Stay thy reuengefull hand, thou hast no cause to feare.

Yorke. Open the doore, secure foole, hardy King,
Shall I for loue speake treason to thy face?
Open the doore, or I will breake it open.

King. What is the matter vnle, speake, recouer breath,
Tell vs, how neere is danger,
That we may arme vs to encounter it?

Yorke. Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know,
The treason that may haste forbids me show.

Ann. Remember as thou read'st, thy promise past,
I doe repent me, reade not my name there,
My heart is not confederate with my hand.

Yorke. It was (villaine) ere thy hand did set it downe:
I tore it from the traitors bosome (King)
Feare, and not loue, begets his penitence:

Forget to pittie him, lest thy pittie proue
A serpent, that will sting thee to the heart, and vnguard ym

King. O heynous, strong, and bolde conspiracy!
Oloyall father of a treacherous sonne!
Thou sheere immaculate and siluer Fountaine,

From

King Richard the Second.

From whence this streame through muddy passages
Hath hald his current; and defilde himselfe:
Thy overflow of good conuerter to bad,
And thy abundant goodnes shall excuse
This deadly blot in thy digressing sonne.

Torke. So shall my Vertue, be his Vices baude,
And he shall spend mine honour, with his shame,
As thriftles Sonnes, their foraping Fathers Gold:
Mine honour liues when his dishonour dies,
Or my shame life in his dishonour lies:
Thou kilst me in his life giuing him breath,
The traytor liues, the true man's put to death.

Dur. What ho, my Liege for Gods sake let me in.

King. What shrill voyc'd suppliant makes this eger cry?

Dur. A Woman, and thy Aunt (great King) tis I,
Speake with me, pittie me, open the doore,
A Beggar begs, that neuer begd before.

King. Our scene is altered from a serious thing,
And now changde to the Beggar and the King:
My dangerous Cousin, let your Mother in,
I know she is come to pray for your foule sinne.

Torke. If thou do pardon whosoever pray,
More finnes for this forgiveness, prosper may:
This festred ioyne cut off, the rest rest sound,
This let alone, will all the rest confound.

Dur. Oh King, belecue not this hard-hearted man
Loue louing not it selfe, none other can.

Torke. Thou frantike woman, what dost thou make here?
Shall thy old dugs once more a traytor reare?

Dur. Sweete Yorke be patient, heare me gentle Liege.

King H. Rise vp good Aunt.

Dur. Not yet I thee beseech,
For euer will I walke vpon my knees,
And neuer see day that the happy sees,
Till thou giue ioy; vntill thou bid me ioy,
By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy.

Aunt. Vnto my mothers prayers I bend my knee.

Torke.

The Tragedie of

Torke. Against them both my true ioynts bended be,
Ill mayst thou thrive if thou graunt any grace.

Dutch. Pleades he in earnest? looke vpon his face:
His eyes do drop no teares, his prayers are in iest,
His wordes do come from his mouth, ours from our breaste:
He prayes but faintly, and would be denide,
We pray with heart and soule, and all beside:
His weary ioynts vould gladly rise I know,
Our knees still kneele till to the ground they grow:
His prayers are full of false hypocrisie,
Ours of true zeale and deepe integritie:
Our prayers do out-pray his, then let them haue
That mercy which true prayer ought to haue.

King. Good Aunt stand vp.

Dutch. Nay, do not say, stand vp;
Say pardon first, and afterwards stand vp,
And if I were thy nurse thy tongue to teach,
Pardon should be the first word of thy speech:
I neuer longd to heare a word till now,
Say pardon King, let pittie teach thee how:
The word is short, but not so short as sweetes;
No word like Pardon for Kings mouthes so meete.

Torke. Speake it in French, King say, *Pardonne moy.*

Dutch. Dost thou teach pardon? pardon to destroy:
Ah my sowre Husband, my hard hearted Lord!
That sets the word it selfe against the word;
Speake pardon as tis currant in our land,
The chopping French we do not vnderstand:
Thine eye begins to speake, set thy tongue there,
Or in thy piteous heart, plant thou thine care,
That hearing how our plaints and prayers doe pierce,
Pittie may moue thee pardon to rehearse.

King H. Good Aunt stand vp.

Dutch. I doe not sue to stand;
Pardon is all the sute I haue in hand.

King. I pardon him, as God shall pardon me.

Dutch. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee.

Yet

King Richard the Second.

Yet am I sicke for feare, speake it againe;
Twice saying Pardon, doth not pardon twaine,
But makes one Pardon strong.

King. I pardon him with all my heart.

Duc. A God on earth thou art.

King. But for our trusty brother in law and the Abbot,
With all the rest of that comforted crew,
Destruction strait shall dog them at the heeles,
Good vncle, helpe to order seuerall powers
To Oxford, or where ere these traitours are,
They shall not liue within this world I sweare,
But I will haue them, if I once know where.

Vncle farewell, and coofin adue,
Your mother well hath prayed, and prooue you true.

Duc. Come my olde sonne, I pray God make thee new.

Exeunt. Manet Sir Pierce Exton &c.

Exton. Didst thou not marke the K. what works he spake?
Haue I no friend will rid me of this liuing feare?
Was it not so?

Man. These were his very wordes.

Exton. Haue I no friend quoth he? he spake it twice,
And vrgde it twice together, did he not?

Man. He did.

Exton. and speaking it, he wistly lookt on me,
As who should say, I would thou wert the man,
That would diuorce this terroure from my heart,
Meaning the King at Pomfret. Come, lets go,
I am the Kings friend, and will rid his foe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Richard alone.

Rich. I haue been studying how to compare
This Prison where I liue, vnto the world:
And for because the world is populous,
And heere is not a creature but my selfe,
I can not do it: yet Ile hammer it out:
My braine Ile prooue the female to my soule,
My soule the father, and these two beget
A generation of stil-breeding thoughts.

K

And

The Tragedie of

And these same thoughts people this little world,
 In humours like the people of this world :
 For no thought is contented : the better sort,
 As thoughts of things diuine are intermixt
 With scruples, and do set the word it selfe
 Against thy word, as thus: Come little ones, and then againe
 It is as hard to come as for a Cammiell
 To threed the small posterne of a small needles eye :
 Thoughts tending to ambition they doe plot
 Vnlikely wonders : how these vaine weake nayles
 May teare a passage thorow the flinty ribs
 Of this hard world, my ragged prison walles:
 And for they cannot die in their owne pride,
 Thoughts tending to content, flatter themselves,
 That they are not the first of Fortunes slaues,
 Nor shall not be the last, like seely beggars;
 Who sitting in the Stockes, refuge their shame,
 That many haue, and others must sit there.
 And in this thought they finde a kind of ease,
 Bearing their owne misfortunes on the backe
 Of such as haue before indurde the like.
 Thus play I in one Prison many people,
 And none contented ; sometimes am I a King,
 Then treasons make me with my selfe a Begger,
 And so I am : then crushing Penurie
 Perswades me I was better when a King;
 Then am I a King againe, and by and by,
 Thinke that I am yokede by *Bullingbrooke*,
 And straite am nothing. But what ere I be,
 Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
 With nothing shall be pleasse, till he be easde
 With being nothing. *Musicke* do I heare; *Musicke playn*
 Ha, ha, keepe time; how sowre sweete *Musicke* is
 When Time is broke, and no proportion kept;
 So is it in the musicke of mens liues:
 And heere haue I the daintinesse of care
 To checke Time broke in disordered string :

King Richard the Second.

But for the concord of my state and time,
Had not an eare to heare my true Time broke:
I wasted Time, and now doth Time wasteme:
For now hath Time made his numbring clocke;
My thoughts are minuts, and with sighes they iarre,
Their watches on vnto mine eyes the outward watch
Whereto my Finger like a Dials poynt,
Is poynting still, in cleansing them from teares.
Now sir, the sound that tels what houre it is,
Are clamorous groanes, which strike vpon my heart,
Which is the Bell: so sighes, and Teares, and Groanes,
Shew Minutes, Times, and Houres: but my Time
Runnes posting on in *Bullingbrookes* proud ioy,
While I stand fooling heere his iacke of the Clocke:
This Musick maddes me, let it sound no more,
For though it haue helpemadd men to their wits,
In me it seemes it will make wise men madd.
Yet blessing on his heart that giues it me,
For 'tis a signe of lone: and loue to *Richard*,
Is a strange Brooch in this al-hating world.

Enter a Groome of the Stable.

Groome. Haileroyall Prince.

Rich. Thankes noble Peare:

The cheapest of vs is ten groats too deare.
What art thou? and how comest thou hither,
Where no man neuer comes but that sad Dogge,
That bringes me food to make misfortune liue?

Groome. I was a poore Groome of thy stable, King,
When thou wert King: who travelling towards Yorke,
With much adoe (at length) haue gotten leaue,
To looke vpon my sometimes royall maisters face:
Oh how it ernd my heart, when I beheld
In London streetes that Coronation day,
When *Bullingbrooke* rode on Roane Barbarie,
That Horse, that thou so often hast bestride,
That Horse, that I so carefully haue drest.

Rich. Rode he on Barbarie, tell me gentle friend,

The Tragedie of

How went he vnder him?

Groome. So proudly, as if he disdaind the ground,

Rich. So proud that Bullingbrooke was on his backe:
That Iade hath eate bread from my royall hand;
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him:
Would he not stumble? would he not fall downe?
Since pride must haue a fall, and breake the necke
Of that proud man, that did vsurpe his backe?
Forgiuenes Horse, why do I rayle on thee?
Since thou created to be awde by man,
Wast borne to beare, I was not made a Horse,
And yet I beare a burthien like an Asse,
Spurde, galde, and tyrd by iauncing Bullingbrooke.

Keeper. Fellow giue place, heere is no longer stay.

Rich. If thou loue me, tis time thou wert away.

Groo. What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say.

Exit Groome. Enter one Richard with meat.

Keeper. My Lord, wilt please you to fall to?

Rich. Taste of it first, as thou art wont to do.

Keeper. My Lord I dare not, sir Pierce of Exton,
Who lately came from the king, commands the contrary.

Rich. The diuell take Henry of Lancaster and thee:
Patience is stale, and I am weary of it.

Keeper. Helpe, helpe, helpe.

The murderers rush in.

Rich. How now, what meanes Death in this rude assault?
Villaine, thy owne hand yeelds thy deaths instrument,
Goe thou and fill another roome in Hell.

Here Exton strikes him downe.

Rich. That hand shall burne in neuer quenching fire,
That staggers this my person: Exton, thy fierce hand
Hath with the Kings blood stained the Kings owne land:
Mount, mount my soule, thy seat is vp on high,
Whilst my grosse flesh sinks downward heere to die.

Exton. As full of valoure, as of royall blood;
Both haue I spild; Oh would the deed were good!
For now the Diuell that told me I did well,

Sayes

King Richard the Second.

Sayes that this deed is chronicled in Hell:
This dead King to the liuing King Ile beare,
Take hence the rest, & giue them buriall heere.

Exit.

Enter Bullingbrooke with the Duke of Yorke.

King. Kind vnckle Yorke, the latest newes we heare,
Is, that the Rebels haue consumed with fire
Our towne of Ciceter in Glocestershire:
But whether they be tane or slaine, we heare not:
Welcome my Lord, what is the newes?

Enter Northumberland.

North. First, to thy sacred state wish I all happinesse;
The next newes is, I haue to London sent
The heades of Oxford, Salisburie, and Kent:
The manner of their taking may appeare
At large discoursed in this Paper heere.

King. We thanke thee gentle Percie for thy paynes,
And to thy worth will adderight worthy gaines.

Enter Lord Fitzwaters.

Fitz. My Lord, I haue from Oxford sent to London,
The heads of Broccas, and sir Benet Seely;
Two of the dangerous consoorted Traytors,
That sought at Oxford thy dire ouerthrow.

King. Thy paines Fitz: shall not be forgot,
Right noble is thy merit well I wot.

Enter Henrie Percie.

Per. The graund conspirator Abbot of Westminster,
With clogge of conscience and fowre melancholie,
Hath yeelded vp his body to the Graue;
But heere is *Carleil* liuing, to abide
Thy kingly doome, and sentence of his pride.

King. *Carleil*, this is your doome,
Chooſe out ſome ſecret place, ſome reuerend roome
More then thou haſt, and with it ioy thy life,
So as thou liu'ſt in peace, die free from ſtrife:
For though mine enemy thou haſt euer been,
High ſparkes of honour in thee haue I ſcene.

The Tragedie of

Enter Exton with the Coffin.

Exton. Great King, within this Coffin I present
Thy buried feare : herein all breathlesse lies
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,
Richard of Burdeaux, by mee hither brought.

King. *Exton*, I thanke thee not, for thou hast wrought
A deepe of slaughter with thy fatall hand,
Vpon my head, and all this famous land.

Exton. From your owne mouth (my Lo.) did I this deed.

King. They loue not poyson, that do poyson need,
Nor doe I thee, though I did wish him dead;
I hate the murtherer, loue him murthered :

The guilt of conscience takethou for thy labour,
But neither my good word, nor princely fauour :
With *Casse* goe wander through the shade of night,
And neuer shew thy head by day nor light.

Lords, I protest my soule is full of woe,
That blood should sprinckle me to make me growe:
Come mourne with me, for what I doe lament,
And put on sullen blacke incontinent :
Ile make a voyage to the Holy land,
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand.
March sadly after, grace my mournings heere,
In weeping after this vntimely Beere.

FINIS.

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End

